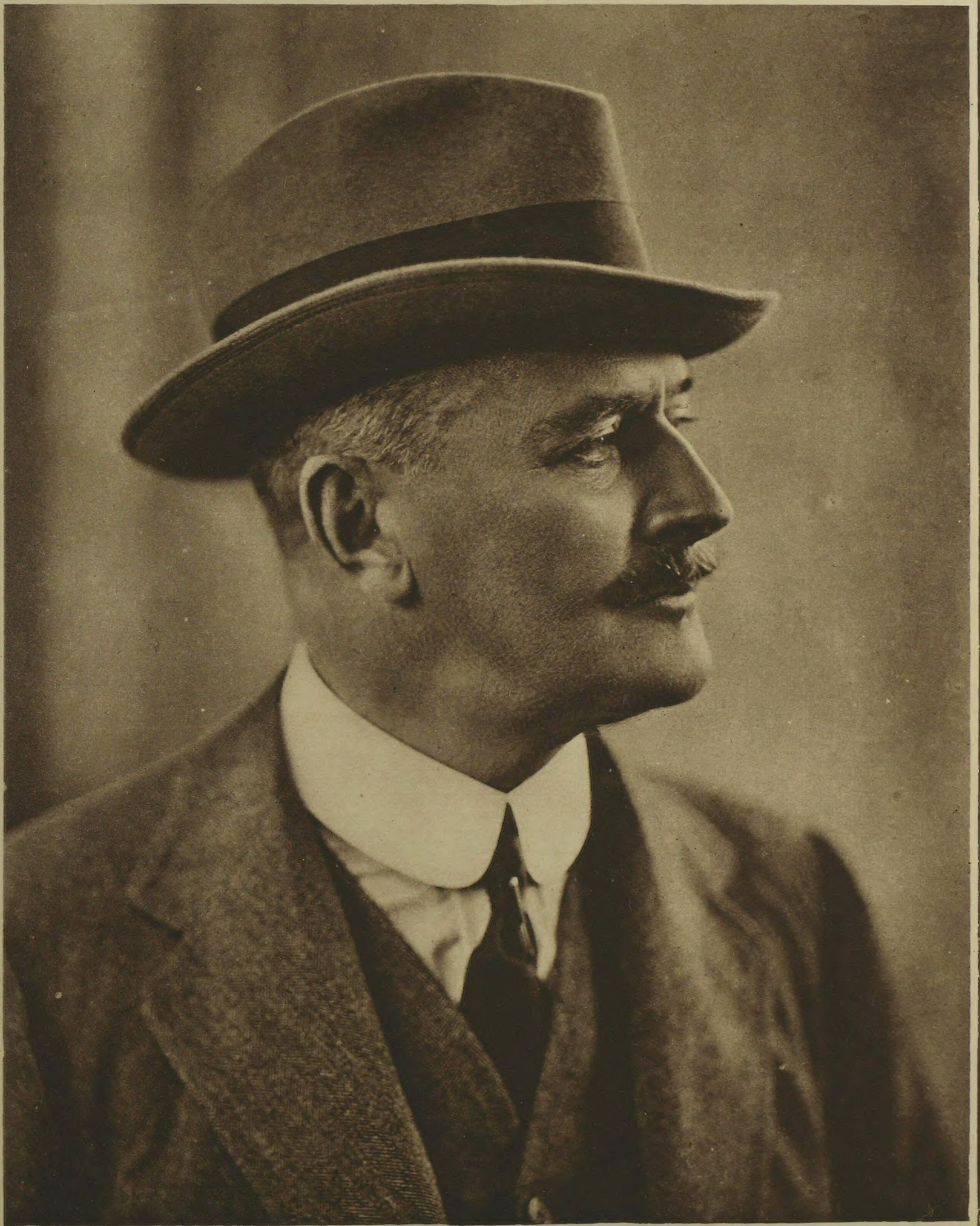


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1920.

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COLONEL OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS: FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT.

Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., whose latest portrait is here given, is his Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt, and is returning to that country shortly. He was appointed to the post in October 1919. In March of this year he followed Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell (resigned) as Colonel of the

1st Life Guards. A few days ago he visited his old school, Haileybury, and inspected the College O.T.C. A photograph of him taken there, with the Headmaster, appears on another page of this number. On October 5 he received the freedom of Bury St. Edmunds.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. WALTER BARNETT.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EVERY man ought to have read enough good literature to know when he is reading bad literature, and to go on reading it. He ought to have had what is rightly called a liberal education, that he may know the largest purposes to which human language has been put. But the object of a liberal education is to make him liberal, not merely to make him fastidious. He should be able to recognise the ideas that have been clarified and codified by the utterances of great men, when they appear in a more fragmentary fashion in the utterances of ordinary men. But if he has lost all interest in the utterances of ordinary men, he had far better not have been educated at all. He might as well say that he had been so carefully taught to waltz that he was quite unable to walk; or that he had been so perfectly trained to sing that he no longer knew how to speak. The highest outcome of an interest in literature is a finer interest in life; and bad literature as well as good may throw a light on life, if we have learnt to know light from darkness. And there are a great many other reasons for reading books besides the fact that they happen to be good books. It is a good thing to suffer fools gladly; and an even better thing to enjoy fools uproariously.

I for one have a great taste in trash, and I am proud to say that I have even considerably swelled the amount there is in the world. It may fairly be added that there is trash and trash; as, for that matter, there is truth and truth. One distinction in particular may be noted, though it is often neglected. The worst sort of bad book is the book that not only bores the reader, but obviously bores the writer. And this often arises not so much from the writer's vulgarity as from his fastidiousness. He himself despises the work he is doing, and it is naturally at its worst when he is not even doing his best. This is generally the explanation of the almost unnaturally bad writing of much of the most popular fiction. The style is abominable—not so much because the writer is ignorant or incompetent as because he does not enjoy the process, but only the result, if that. He writes down any sort of jaded journalese that occurs to him; he never looks twice at a sentence or even a word, because the only word he really wishes to write is "Finis" or "The End." The results are sometimes very extraordinary. I read the following passage the other day in a story, and quite a good story, by a highly successful popular novelist; it describes the hero fencing with the questions addressed to him by a foreign diplomatist—

It became at last a matter of keen enjoyment to scent his adversary's cloven-footed moves from afar, to pretend to drop into the snare, and then quietly to administer check whenever the position began to show signs of a corner.

The riot of imagery in that sentence really seems rather artificial than accidental. A gentleman is apparently engaged in playing chess, when his powerful sense of smell enables him to detect in the remote distance the characteristic odour of the movements of a cloven foot; he therefore

performs the appropriate pantomime of one dropping into a net or trap, and resumes the game when there are signs of a corner. When a man capable of telling a good story writes so carelessly, it is because he does not for the moment even care about telling it. And the chances are ten to one that this is not because such a story is above him, but because he thinks it is beneath him. He shares the fastidious critic's contempt for telling a good story; and probably thinks he ought to be founding a new religion, or applying what is called the scalpel to the psychology of various earnest and unpleasant people. He only writes as badly as that because he has not enough respect for the dignity of bad writing.

The practical use of modern popular fiction is something like that of ancient popular fable. It throws a light on the world men live in—or at least on the world they think they live in. It

means the abstraction of such a trifle. Like a good and earnest student of nonsensical novels, I follow this mystery with the proper combination of curiosity and obtuseness. I am very much interested in the little bone and how it vanished. But I am also a good deal interested in the large skeleton and how it appeared. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that any such skeleton ever has appeared, or is ever likely to appear. Professors do not discover the Missing Link with or without the Missing Digit. Professors do not find the ape without the finger. The most they ever find is the finger without the ape. The prehistoric creature—or rather, conjecture—which they call Pithecanthropus is deduced entirely from a few fragments of bone which may not even belong to each other. But I am not here controverting with the discoverers about the conclusiveness of their discoveries. I am only pointing out a popular impression which wildly exaggerates even

what they profess to have discovered. This is what I mean by the superstition as distinct from the dogma of Darwinism. I do not attribute any such delusion to Darwinians, still less to Darwin. I merely note as a social and cultural feature of the age that the delusion is fairly widespread. It is the sort of thing that a popular author takes for granted, and expects his popular audience to take for granted. He assumes it to be true, and it very probably is true, that vast masses of ordinary educated people believe these prehistoric things to be as solid and settled as historic things. They are hardly more seriously surprised by a complete skeleton of the first man than by a complete suit of armour of the fifteenth century. They think it as natural to think of a museum containing the Missing Link with only a missing finger as of one containing the plumed cocked-hat of some British General with only a missing

feather. This is not science, but only superstition; but it is a superstition which is founded on science, or is supposed to be founded on science.

This sort of thing need be of no particular interest to the serious students of prehistoric man. But it must be of absorbing interest to any serious students of modern man. It illustrates the precise fashion in which modern man has provided himself with an equally modern mythology. And in practical affairs that mythology may have something of the power of a religion. The mere word "Science" is already used as a sacred and mystical word in many matters of politics and ethics. It is already used vaguely to threaten the most vital traditions of civilisation—the family and the freedom of the citizen. It may at any moment attempt to establish some unnatural Utopia full of fugitive negations. But it will not be the science of the scientist, but rather the science of the sensational novelist. It will not even be the dry bones of any complete and connected skeleton of Pithecanthropus. Rather it will be the mere rumours of fashionable fiction that will be fixed into a new tyranny; and the lost little finger of the Missing Link will be thicker than the loins of kings.



AFTER HIS ELECTION AT THE GUILDHALL: ALDERMAN JAMES ROLL, LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF THE CITY OF LONDON; WITH THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR (ON HIS RIGHT HAND).

The Liverymen of the City of London elected the Lord Mayor for the coming year, at the Guildhall, on September 29. The choice fell on Mr. Alderman Roll. The Lord Mayor-elect was born in 1846, and worked his way from office boy to an insurance agent to the position of President of the Pearl Assurance Company, an office he held for twenty-five years. He became a Common Councilman for Bridge Ward in 1903, and was a Sheriff in 1909-10. Necessarily, he is a Past Grand Treasurer. Coaching is his chief recreation, and he is President of the Pickwick Coaching Club. He is now Chairman of the General Marine Underwriters' Association, and of Charles Webster, Ltd. In 1867, he married Emma, daughter of Mr. James Gilding.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

plays in history a part like that of mythology. And, indeed, it contains many examples of the modern myth. For instance, I have been much criticised for saying that Darwinism is now not so much a dogma as a superstition. However this may be, it is now the source of many superstitions, and even popular superstitions. The light literature of our time reveals a curious conception, fixed, but quite fantastic, about what science has discovered or demonstrated. I have recently been reading with great joy a sensational novel full of murders and burglaries, which revolves round a keen and ruthless detective and a learned and philosophic professor. But the things which the detective discovers at the end are really much less sensational than the things which the professor has already discovered at the beginning. The discoveries which the author announces as amazing are much less remarkable than the discoveries which he assumes as normal. The professor possesses among his private furniture a completely articulated and connected skeleton of a prehistoric ape-man, like the imaginary pictures of the Missing Link. This skeleton only comes to attract the attention of the writer or the reader because an inch or two of finger-bone has been chipped off it; and the whole mystery is concerned with the

AN AIR-RACE RECORD: FRANCE KEEPS THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

KIRSCH 'NIEUPORT' (FRANCE)
was the first to take the air

and did
some
wonderful
stunts before
crossing
the starting
line

RINEHART on the unique 'DAYTON WRIGHT' monoplane (U.S.A.)
folds his wheels in flight

Resembling
'Bert Rabbit's
TAR-BABY'
de ROMANET 'SPAD'
(FRANCE) is forced
to stop to clear the
oil out of his eyes -

SADI LECOINTE
(FRANCE) on the winning
'NIEUPORT' streaks 'ventre
a terre' two yards
above the ground at
nearly 200 miles an hour

RAYNHAM - MARTINSYDE - ENGLAND'S
hope, at the eleventh hour goes
off to find a cup of tea, nearly
driving the waiting and excited
Frenchmen crazy with
suspense - He
finally started

at a tremendous speed
but only did
one circuit and
then retired

Starting SCHROEDER'S
American Army 'VERVILLE' (U.S.A.)
was a fearsome business -
men stood by with fire
extinguishers and sand buckets
while "STAND BACK" was shouted
for nearly an hour as teams
of strong men
took relays
at swinging
its propeller -
eventually

terrible explosions,
fire and smoke
marked his
getaway trail!

Major
SCHROEDER, who
got frozen on his late
ALTITUDE record flight,
had no ambition to
be burnt on his
dangerously fiery craft,
so sported a parachute in case
of emergencies

the
GORDON-
BENNETT CUP
was won
outright
for FRANCE
by SADI
LECOINTE

BRYAN DE GRINEAU
ETAMPES.

WON PERMANENTLY FOR FRANCE IN RECORD TIME BY SADI-LECOINTE: THE GORDON-BENNETT AIR CUP— INCIDENTS AND HUMOURS OF THE RACE AT ETAMPES.

The race for the Gordon Bennett Air Cup took place on September 28, over a course of 300 kilometres (about 188 miles) from Ville Sauvage, near Etampes, to La Marmogne, 50 kilometres away, three times out and home. It was won by a French competitor, Sadi-Lecointe, in a Nieuport biplane fitted with a 300-h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine, in the record time of 1 hr. 6 min. 8 sec., at a speed of nearly 170 miles an hour. The previous record, made by Tabéteau in 1912, was 1 hr. 51 min. 53 sec. France now keeps the trophy, having won it twice before.

The other French competitors were Kirsch and De Romanet. The only English one—Raynham on a Martinsyde—had to descend during the first round. One of the Americans, Rinehart, flew a Dayton-Wright monoplane with a contrivance for drawing the landing carriage into the fuselage while in flight, thus reducing the air resistance. The other American competitor, Major Schroeder, of altitude fame, gave up at the end of the first time round. He carried a parachute for use in case of fire.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FROM FAR AND NEAR: MARINE AND ZOOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND ERNEST BROOKS.



THE CHANNEL CROSSED BY THE CAMERA: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FRENCH COAST TAKEN FROM DOVER DURING A RECENT SPELL OF HIGH VISIBILITY.



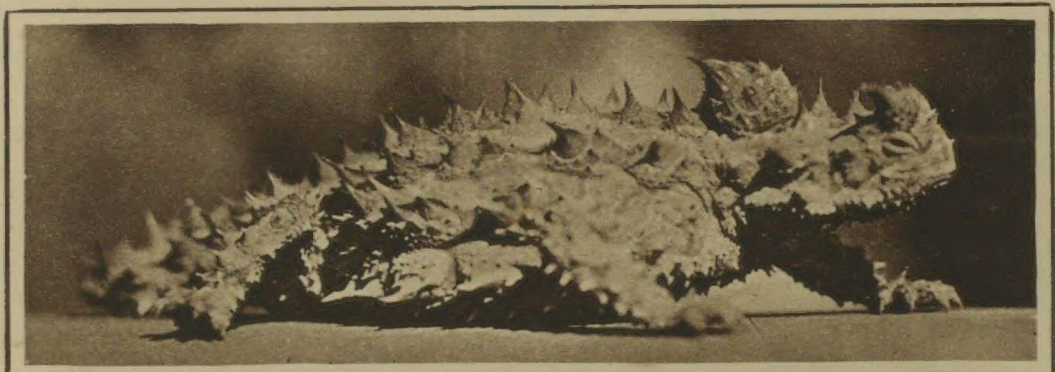
THE IRONY OF FATE: SURRENDERED GERMAN U-BOATS AT FELIXSTOWE WAITING THEIR TURN TO BE BROKEN UP AND SOLD.



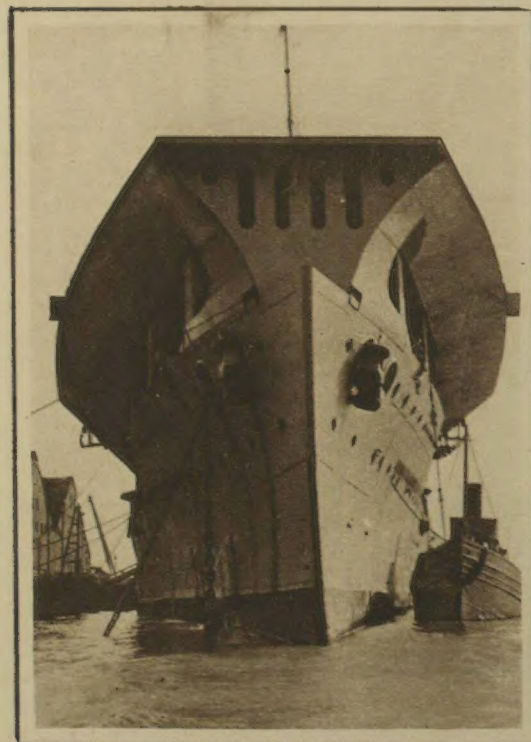
PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES: A YOUNG KOALA (AUSTRALIAN BEAR).



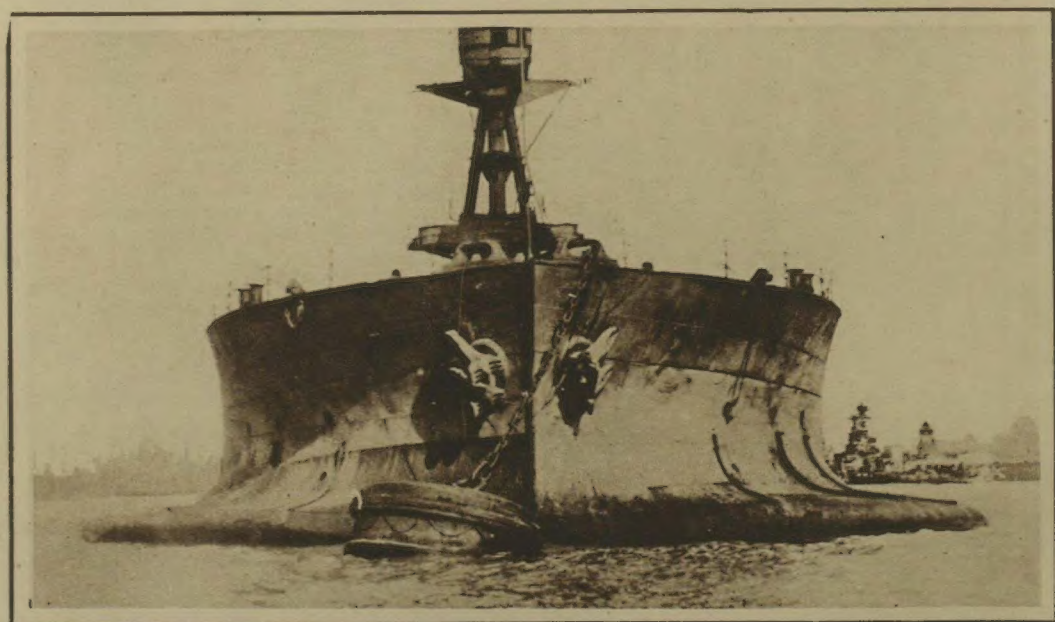
A BARKING LIZARD: ONE OF THE CURIOUS ANIMALS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS AUSTRALIAN TOUR.



SPIKY, AND CHANGING COLOUR LIKE A CHAMELEON: A "MOUNTAIN DEVIL" PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRALIA.



A CURIOSITY OF THE NAVY: H.M.S. "EAGLE," WITH HER SEAPLANE DECK—THE BOWS.



WITH A STEEL "BLISTER" TO PROTECT HER AGAINST TORPEDOES: THE BIG MONITOR "MARSHAL NEY," TO BE THE PARENT SHIP OF SUBMARINES AT PORTSMOUTH.

The remarkable photograph of the coast of France from Dover, reproduced above, was taken recently during a period of exceptionally high visibility. Dover is 21 miles from Cape Grisnez on the opposite side of the Channel.—A number of the German submarines surrendered under the Peace Treaty are being converted into scrap iron, at Felixstowe, an appropriate end for such piratical craft.—The Prince of Wales, who is expected to arrive at Portsmouth in the "Renown" on Monday, the 11th on his return from his great tour, made his last halt at

Bermuda, where he landed on October 1 and received an enthusiastic welcome. In Australia he was presented with various native animals, including those illustrated above, and a young kangaroo. Lord Louis Mountbatten is said to be looking after the barking lizard and bringing it to London.—H.M.S. "Eagle," notable for her curious shape, was first built as a cruiser, and later had a seaplane deck added. H.M.S. "Marshal Ney" is one of the monitors built for the Navy, others of which are illustrated in our double-page drawing in this number.

CHINESE LIFE IN LONDON: AN EAST-END STUDY.



THE QUESTION OF CHINAMEN IN ENGLISH PORTS: A TYPICAL MEAL AT A CHINESE SHOP IN THE EAST END.

The question of the relations between Chinamen and white women in Limehouse, Liverpool, and other seaports, and of the prevalence of vice, disease, opium-smoking, and gaming in such alien quarters, has been raised again lately in connection with a case at the Thames Police Court. The magistrate, Mr. Cairns, in fining a Chinese restaurant-keeper for allowing loose women on his premises, described the problem as "a frantic one." Our drawing illustrates a typical phase of Chinese life in the East End, having no particular reference to the locality and problem mentioned. Explaining the subject, the artist wrote: "The Chinese tradesmen

or laundrymen invariably have their meals in their shops, and in many cases in full view of the passers-by. A very simple table is rather daintily set with a number of bowls containing savoury dishes of chopped pork, fowl, vegetables, and so on. The steaming rice, which is the Chinaman's bread, hangs over the table in a large pan. Of course, chop-sticks are always used, and one can see the men poking at the different dishes for choice morsels, and after each piece they put a small bowl of rice to their mouths, which they open very wide, and proceed to-stoke themselves in a very alarming manner."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A SEQUEL TO THE MURDERS BY SINN FEINERS IN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., I.B., C.N.,



DESTRUCTION AT MALLOW ON SEPTEMBER 29 AFTER THE MURDER OF A SERGEANT; WRECKAGE AT A DAIRY.



AMONG THE RUINS AT MALLOW: A MAN WITH A PARROT IN ITS CAGE THAT SURVIVED.



AFTER A MIDNIGHT RAID ON MALLOW: RUINS OF A FACTORY AND BUSINESS PREMISES.



ONE RESULT OF THE ATTACK AT MALLOW.



DESTROYED AT TRIM, CO. MEATH, ON

IRELAND: SCENES THAT RECALL THE HAVOC OF WAR.

AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE TOWN HALL IN RUINS



SEPTEMBER 27: THE REMAINS OF A MOTOR-CAR.



STANDING AMONG THE RUINS OF HIS HOUSE: MR. THOMSON, A MOTOR-PROPRIETOR AT MALLOW.



INCENDIARISM AT TRIM: THE BURNT-OUT SHELL OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY BARRACKS.



ONE OF MANY BUILDINGS BURNT DOWN AT MALLOW: THE TOWN HALL—ANOTHER VIEW.

In the present deplorable condition of Ireland it is almost inevitable that outrages committed by one side should lead to retaliation on the other. Such incidents have been taking place at intervals for many months past, and the scenes of their occurrence resemble closely those of the late war. We illustrate here some typical instances, showing the effects of so-called "reprisals" at Trim, Co. Meath, on September 27, and Mallow, near Cork, on the night of September 28-29. It may be recalled that Sinn Feiners had raided the military barracks at Mallow at 10 a.m. on Sept. 28, and shot dead Sergeant Gibbs, 17th Lancers, who resisted. About midnight a body of men burnt the Town

Hall and a number of other buildings. In this connection, it is interesting to recall the following official list, prepared by the Irish Office, of Sinn Fein outrages in Ireland from January 1919 up to September 30, 1920. It comprises: Policemen killed, 107; wounded, 172; military killed, 15; wounded, 57; civilians, killed 26; wounded, 77; courthouses destroyed, 63; R.I.C. vacated barracks destroyed, 48; damaged, 114; R.I.C. occupied barracks destroyed, 20; damaged, 42; raids on mails, 513; raids on coastguard stations and lighthouses, 38; raids for arms, 2720. The total number of these Sinn Fein outrages is 4447.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, CENTRAL PRESS, BEREAFORD, MANUEL, FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., RUSSELL, G.P.U., LAFAYETTE, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



RESIGNING HIS SEE: DR. KNOX, BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.



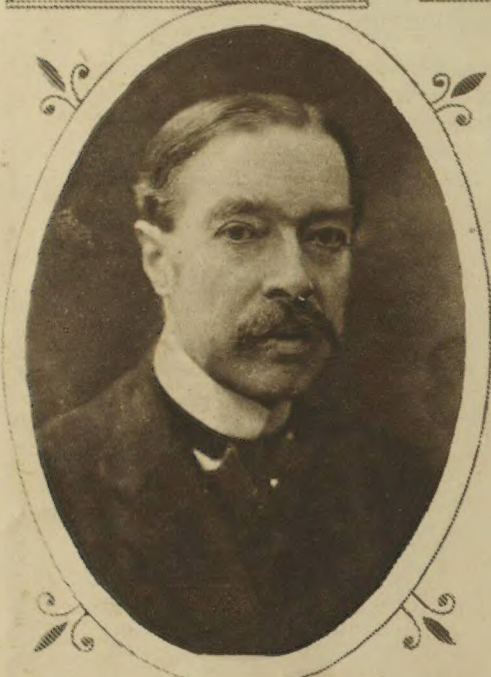
ONCE M.P. FOR STOWMARKET: THE LATE MR. G. A. HARDY.



A FAMOUS LONDON CORONER: THE LATE MR. WYNNE BAXTER.



VISITING RUSSIA TO STUDY ITS CONDITIONS: MR. H. G. WELLS.



THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: SIR EYRE CROWE.



THE NEW CITY SHERIFFS: (L. TO R.) COL. S. WISHART AND MR. H. N. KNIGHTS, M.P.



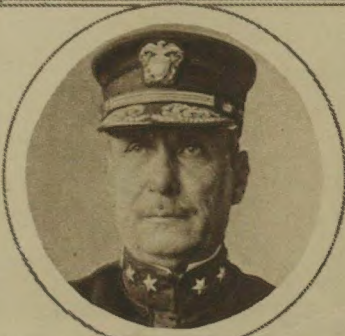
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE COLONY OF KENYA: GEN. SIR EDWARD NORTHEY.



AT HIS OLD SCHOOL: LORD ALLENBY (RIGHT), WITH MR. MALIM, HEAD-MASTER OF HAILEYBURY.



AN EX-LORD MAYOR: THE LATE SIR T. VEZEY STRONG.



NAVAL ATTACHÉ AT THE U.S. EMBASSY: ADMIRAL NIBLACK.



SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD DECORATING A CONSTABLE'S WIDOW: PRESENTING A MEDAL TO MRS. KANE.

Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester since 1903, is resigning through physical disability.—Mr. George Alexander Hardy was Liberal M.P. for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk from 1906 to 1910.—Mr. Wynne E. Baxter had been Coroner for East London and the Tower of London for 33 years. Our photograph, though not recent, is the only one available.—Mr. H. G. Wells, who went to Russia recently to study the situation there, was welcomed by Maxim Gorky and other authors.—Sir Eyre Crowe has succeeded Lord Hardinge of Penshurst as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.—The two new Sheriffs for the City, Col. Sidney Wishart and Mr. H. Newton Knights, M.P., were admitted to office at the Guildhall on September 28, and invested by the retiring Sheriffs,

Sir Charles Eves and Sir Curtis Ashdown.—Major-Gen. Sir Edward Northey has been made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Kenya, formerly known as the East Africa Protectorate.—Lord Allenby received a great ovation at his old school, Haileybury College, when he inspected the cadets.—Sir Thomas Vezey Strong was Lord Mayor of London in 1910-11, and carried the City's Sceptre at the King's Coronation.—Rear-Adm. A. T. Niblack, U.S. Navy, recently became Naval Attaché at the American Embassy.—Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, attended a review of the Royal Irish Constabulary in Dublin on September 30, and presented medals, one to the widow of Sergt. Kane, who was killed in an attack on Kilmallock Barracks.

A MAN WITH A THANKLESS TASK: THE IRISH CHIEF SECRETARY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY POOLE, WATERFORD.



IN THE GARDEN OF HIS RESIDENCE IN PHOENIX PARK: THE RT. HON. COL. SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, BT., M.P.,
CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, WITH LADY GREENWOOD.

The Right Hon. Col. Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., M.P., is one of the many Canadians who have made a political career in the Old Country. After serving for eight years as a Lieutenant in the Canadian Militia, he came to England, where he practised law, and went into politics as a Liberal. He commanded the 10th (S.) Batt. South Wales Borderers on active service in 1915 and 1916, and later went to the War Office. He is now M.P. (Coalition-Liberal) for

Sunderland. He had an adventurous career as a boy in Canada, running away from home and enlisting as a private in the old Canadian "Permanent Force." He happened to be on sentry when his father appeared to lead the prodigal home, and on the latter's attempting to do so by force, his son is said to have placed him in the guard-room for "forcing a guard." Lady Greenwood is a daughter of Mr. Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire.

IN THE "MARROWBONE" OF CONTENTION: A "DEBATE" BETWEEN SINN FEINERS AND ORANGEMEN IN BELFAST.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



FIGHTING IN THE "MARROWBONE" DISTRICT OF BELFAST: AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SINN FEINERS (ON THE LEFT) IN GLENPARK STREET AND ORANGEMEN IN LOUISA STREET.

Our drawing illustrates a recent incident which is, unfortunately, typical of the state of affairs in Ireland. The encounter took place in the "Marrowbone" district of Belfast, the scene of many similar disturbances, shortly after nine o'clock on the evening of Monday, September 27. It was moderately dark at the time. The fighting was fiercest in the district of Louisa Street and Glenpark Street. Stones and bottles were freely used as missiles, and at least one of the Sinn Féiners, as our illustration shows, was firing a revolver. Women with baskets of stones supplied the men with "ammunition." Luckily a strong force of police was on duty in the "Marrowbone" area, and they at once

took the situation in hand. They made many baton charges, and at last were compelled to fire on the mob. Meanwhile a message was sent to the military asking for help, and soon an armoured car appeared; but by that time the crowds were dispersing as the curfew hour was drawing near, and the troops were not required to take any active part. Two men were seriously injured, and one of them, Fred Blair, of Louisa Street, who had been shot in the abdomen, died on the following day in the Mater Hospital. Our illustration was done from a sketch by an eye-witness.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TO SUIT ALL TASTES: ITEMS FROM THE DRAMATIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG PHOTO. CO.,



"LA TOSCA," AT THE ALDWYCH: SCARFIA (LYN HARDING) AND LA TOSCA (ETHEL IRVING).



THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "THE UNKNOWN," AT THE LYRIC: MRS. LITTLEWOOD (HAIDES WRIGHT—CENTRE) ASKS THE REV. NORMAN POOLE (H. R. HIGGITT) "WHO WILL FORGIVE GOD?"



"LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: NELSON KEYS.



"LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: BRIGHTON—PAST; SHOWING A GROUP OF BELLES AND BEAUX OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.



"WEDDING BELLS," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: REGINALD CARTER (OWEN HARES); ROSALIE (GLADYS COOPER); AND FUZISAKE (GEORGE CARR).



"JOHNNY JONES," AT THE ALHAMBRA: GEORGE ROBEY AS LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.



"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," AT (GODFREY TEARLE) BIDS FAREWELL.

BILL OF FARE OFFERED IN LONDON THIS AUTUMN.

FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD., AND G.P.U.



"THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY," AT THE ROYALTY: MARIA PEPA (BARBARA GOTT); DONA BARBARITA (MARY RORKE); AND ROSARIO (JOYCE CAREY) EXAMINE THE HAT THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW.



"THE BLUE LAGOON," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: DICK (H. FRENCH); EMMELINE (PAITH CELL),



"THE WHITEHEADED BOY," AT THE AMBASSADORS: PETER (H. HUTCHINSON); BABY (MIGNON O'DOHERTY); DENIS (ARTHUR SHIELDS); MRS. GEORGHIGAR (SARA ALGWOOD); JANE (URSULA TREMAYNE); AUNT ELLEN (MAIRE O'NEILL); GEORGE (S. MORGAN); KATE (MORAN DESMOND).



"JOHNNY JONES" (ALHAMBRA): JOHNNY (GEORGE ROBEY).



DRURY LANE: BORIS ANDROVSKY TO DOMINI (MADGE TITHERAGE).



"THE NEW WHIRLIGIG," AT THE PALACE: VIOLET LORANE AND BILLY MERSON.



"HIS LADY FRIENDS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: EDWARD (JAMES CAREW); 'KILLIE (ATHENE SEYLER); AND JAMES SMITH (CHARLES HAWTREY).

The plays which are now running successfully in London are astonishingly varied in style and subject. "La Tosca," which was written by Sardou, and has been played by Bernhardt and Duse, is proving a success in Miss Ethel Irving's English production. Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, "The Unknown," has caused an enormous amount of discussion, as it deals with the war and its relation to religion. "The Romantic Young Lady" is a Spanish comedy, and makes a special appeal to London at this moment, when Spanish fashions in dress, literature and art are so popular. "The Blue Lagoon," at the Prince of Wales's, is founded on Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's book, and is a wonderfully beautiful production, as it is set in an island in the Southern Seas. "London, Paris and New York," the revue at the London Pavilion, is as cosmopolitan as its title promises, for it contains some of our best English comedians, an American revue artist, Miss Georgia O'Ramey, and a Spanish dancer, Miss Laura de Santelmo.—The Irish

play, "The Whiteheaded Boy," is entirely non-political, and is presented by a first-class company of Irish players.—Miss Gladys Cooper is appearing in "Wedding Bells," which comes from America, and has a slight plot, but contains many entertaining situations.—Mr. George Robey in the name part of "Johnny Jones," at the Alhambra, is, perhaps, funnier than he has ever been before, in the Bozeng Scene, and as Louis XV., at the Court of Versailles.—The Drury Lane production of "The Garden of Allah" is on the magnificent lines which one would expect, and provides real camels and a real sandstorm among other attractions, as well as some fine emotional acting from Miss Madge Titherage and Mr. Godfrey Tearle.—"The Whirligig," at the Palace, has entered on a new edition, which is even brighter than the first.—Mr. Charles Hawtreys picked a highly successful play for his welcome return to the stage after his illness, and as James Smith, the good man misunderstood, has a part which suits his genius admirably.

WHERE THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD DEPEND IN NUMBER

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "AMONG THE IBOS OF NIGERIA," BY THE REV. G. T. BASDEN, M.A., F.R.G.S.; BY COURTESY OF THE



WITH GUARDIAN GODS AND A SACRED GROVE IN FRONT OF IT:
THE ENTRANCE TO A CHIEF'S COMPOUND



READY TO SELL MEDICINE WITH WHICH THE WARRIORS SMEAR THEM-
SELVES: A MEDICINE-MAN AND HIS STOCK-IN-TRADE.



MALE AND FEMALE AFTER THEIR KIND: TOWN DEITIES AT ADONTA,
NEAR AWGWASH.



A SPIRIT OF THE DEAD: THE "MAW" OF A GIRL; WITH THE ATTENDANTS
WHO ANNOUNCE HER AND LOOK AFTER HER.



A HEAD-DRESS THAT CANNOT BE UNDONE, BUT HAS TO BE CUT AWAY:
HAIR PERMANENTLY ARRANGED, WITH CLAY, CHARCOAL DUST, AND PALM OIL.

The Ibos of Nigeria number some four millions, and inhabit a tract of country in Southern Nigeria lying, roughly speaking, between the Niger, on the west, and the Cross River on the east. A few words of explanation are necessary for the complete understanding of the photographs given. Three of them deal with a custom which is very common among the tribe. Of it Mr. Basden says: "There is a great deal of alleged intercourse with the spirit-world, and the custom of making maw (ju-ju) is an almost daily affair. . . . This making ju-ju has no religious significance; it is held to be a visitation of the spirits of the dead to their late familiar haunts, and especially during festivals, when the spirits manifest a lively desire to participate in the general rejoicings. The custom is confined entirely to men; women are not only prohibited from making ju-ju, but are debarred from being in the presence of a maw on pain of severe punishment. Any man at any time may arrange for a visitation. . . . The originator of the play enters

UPON THE "MAKE-UP" AVAILABLE! AMONG THE IBOS.

PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. SEELEY, SERVICE, AND CO. (SEE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON "BOOKS OF THE DAY" PAGE, AND A REVIEW ON PAGE 574.)



MAKING JU-JU, WHICH IS RESTRICTED TO MEN: THE "MAW-AFIA," OR SPIRIT OF A DEAD MAN, APPEARING TO HIS FRIENDS.



UNINHABITED BY A SPIRIT, AND INHABITED: A NEW IKENGA, AND AN OLD ONE WITH BLOODSTAINS FROM SACRIFICES.



AN UNUSUAL PASSPORT: A CHALK MARK ACROSS EYES AND FACE AS A SAFE-CONDUCT ON LEAVING A STRANGE TOWN.



WITH A CHRISTIAN CONVERT BETWEEN THEM: VISITORS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

a house and blows signals on an igwe (an instrument cut from a small reed), and thus attracts followers to his train. The number of spirits who shall manifest themselves is chiefly dependent on the quantity of making-up material available. Those chosen to represent the spirits of the dead are completely concealed in the weirdest costumes. . . . The figure must be entirely hidden, no part whatever of the body being visible." In the left-hand photograph at the top of this page, the masquerader has been tired out by the weight of his enormous head-dress, and is resting it on a friend's shoulder. The photograph below it illustrates a strange custom, whereby an Ibo, having visited a strange town, on leaving marks his face with chalk provided by his host, who thereby makes himself responsible for the safe return of his visitor. The "ikenga" is the most universal of the Ibo household gods, and no house may be without one. The two long horns, curving backwards, are the "symbol of strength and power."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE is more other-worldly delight, echoes and glimpses of the wonder that lies beyond the blue hills of Time, in "POEMS, 1901 TO 1908"

(Constable; 2 vols.; 27s. 6d. net), by Walter de la Mare, than in any other book I know of. This poet has more than Mr. Algernon Blackwood's mastery of the intuitions of life-in-itself, more than Lord Dunsany's command of the freakishness of the unseen and incredible. To the sound of fine, fantastical music, overheard rather than heard, he draws aside that curtain of the flesh, a corner of which is lifted in Barrie's "Mary Rose," the first mystery play of the ultra-modern theatre. In the making of subtle harmonies of sense and speech he is the only rival to the W. B. Yeats who took us to the lake isle of Innishfree, but will go there himself no more. There is something also to be said for a casual definition, "He's Swinburne in the minor key," which was cast up the other day out of the surf of a conversation between journalists—those marred men of letters for whom literature is a Canaan prohibited. But, as I see it, Christina Rossetti is the true sister-in-art of this rare poet who, alone among the Georgian singers and makers, has the secret of the thrilling and bell-like intonations which make "Goblin Market" (at any rate to me) the most haunting poem in the language. And the analogy is closer than would appear from any consideration of similarity in the mastery of the joyous and pellucid *splendorque colorque perennis* of word-music; for he has, as she had, the key to a fairyland into which little children may wander without any danger of being frightened into goodness—his "Peacock Pie" (with Heath Robinson's pictures that are so charmingly in keeping with the poetical text) is the favourite verse-book of the naughtiest children I am acquainted with. For he has, what Christina Rossetti had not—a gentle and beguiling gift of humour which even humanises the creatures of his faerie. What joy Charles Lamb would have found in this complete edition of his happy poems!

There is, however, a deep seriousness in much of his work; the "lyric cry" is there, even if it be music without words. It is Death, as he well knows, which gives the poignancy to all that is beautiful for us mortals—

The loveliest thing earth
hath, a shadow hath,
A dark and livelong
hint of death,
Haunting it ever till its
last faint breath.

Yet, in spite of the deadly progression of decay—nay, rather because of it—there is possible for us a true and entrancing happiness, if only you will wreak your heart on the thing beloved as ungrudgingly as the box of precious ointment was broken on the feet of Christ—

Squander thy love as
she that flings
Her soul away on
night;
Lovely are love's far
echoings,
Height unto height.

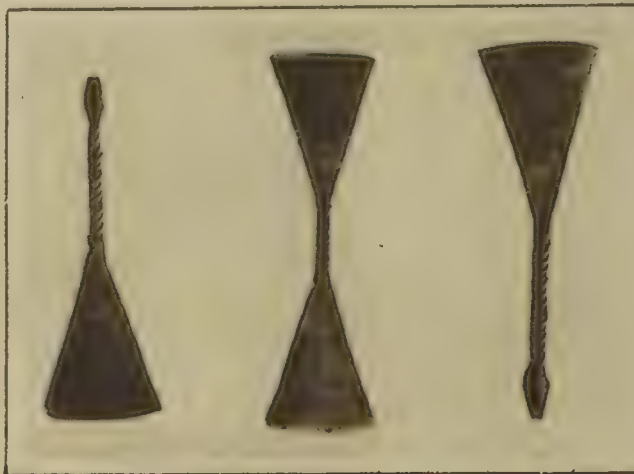
O make no compact
with the sun,
No compact with
the moon!
Night falls full-cloaked,
and light is gone
Sudden and soon.

The full tragic note of the certainty that we are not only doomed to death, but are actually dying *here and now*, never comes flooding in as it does in Christina Rossetti's "Kneel of the Year," for he does not look to the Heaven of choring angels, in rank on rank like flames aspiring, which was Christina Rossetti's refuge from Time's inconstancies. For him the

Civitas Dei has dwindled to a fairy-land, a sanctuary for beauty only, which he is apt to forget as he warns youth of its ineluctable destiny—

Thou canst not see him standing by—
Time—with a popped hand
Stealing thy youth's simplicity,
Even as falls unceasingly
His waning sand.

But, if he must needs see the enigmatic hues of decay everywhere and everywhen, he is yet sure of the immortality of the green English countryside, whereof he gives us innumerable bright



THE INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH "MBUBU" MARKS ARE MADE: IBO SURGICAL KNIVES.

Mr. Basden describes the making of the "Mbubu" as follows: "To produce the Mbubu (see picture below), the body is first smeared with chalk, and upon this the lines are sketched out with charcoal, the most common figures being a reversed cross. . . . The artist then cuts a series of small slits in the flesh with a kind of pointed triangular-shaped razor. The skin is forthwith raised, and a pellet of tightly compressed cotton wool or palm leaf is inserted under it. When all the slits have been thus padded, a preparation of charcoal is smeared over the whole. The charcoal treatment is repeated on several successive days until the desired result is attained, this being a regular pattern of black oval blobs, which stand out conspicuously upon the skin." (See pages 558 and 559.)

glimpses. It is to England his prayer is rendered up—

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal;
Thy clouds—how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
Into infinity!

My heart within me faints to roam
In thought even far from thee:
Thine be the grave whereto I come,
And thine my darkness be.



TATTOED AS A PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE: THREE YOUNG IBO GIRLS DECORATED "IN HIGH RELIEF" WITH GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS KNOWN AS "MBUBU" MARKS.

On page 574 of this issue appears a review of a remarkable book, entitled "Among the Ibos of Nigeria," written by the Rev. G. T. Basden, M.A., F.R.G.S., for many years a missionary among this tribe, who inhabit the south-east corner of the Southern Provinces of Nigeria. By courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., we are enabled to reproduce some of the photographs with which the book is lavishly illustrated. They appear on pages 558 and 559. The photograph given above shows one of the marriage customs of the Ibos, "to which," says Mr. Basden, "the bride-elect must submit before the actual marriage can be consummated—namely, cicatrization. This consists of very rough tattooing on the front of the body, . . . made with triple lines of Mbubu (small raised lumps). The presence of such cicatrices indicates that a woman is married, or is preparing to marry."

Yet I like him best when, like the Pied Piper, he draws children after him into a wonderland that is far, yet near—just round the corner for the youngest of us, though beyond the emerald

light of Sirius or Arc-turus' ruby-glow. Walk straight into his wonderland, and even if you meet witches dancing in a dreadful ring and looking upon you "narrowly, with green and needling eye," and hiding the real snow-time with a mirage of impossible spring-tide wonders such as are described in "As Lucy went a-walking"—

Clear flowers she sees, like tulip buds, go floating by
like birds,
With wavering tips that warbled sweetly strange
enchanted words;
And, as with ropes of amethyst, the boughs with
lamps were hung,
And clusters of green emeralds like fruit upon
them clung,

you have only to whisper a word of heavenly usage (Lucy said *Christmas*) for the whole harmless phantasmagoria, with the steeple-crowned, high-heeled inventors of it who dance high and composedly like Queen Elizabeth, to vanish in a clap. But little children, I find, are most delighted with his gently-humorous ditties such as that which begins—

Do diddle di do,
Poor Jim Jay
Got fast stuck
In Yesterday,

I feel sure, if he would, he could write a book of nursery rhymes which would rival Mother Goose's. Then there are his queer stories (four of them) of which I, a grown-up, prefer the sorrowful tale of the thief at Robin's Castle, who stole all the plate and jewels, and even the two babies—

Oh, fairer was their hair than gold of Goblet,
Beyond Silver their cheeks did shine,
And their little hands that lay upon the linen
Made that Thief's hard heart to pine.

But children of all ages would rather have the cheery lay of the three dancing Farmers—

Three jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground,

for they learn it by heart without trying, and not only sing but also dance it—indeed, it is as popular in nursery and schoolroom as Browning's immortal story of the Pied Piper.

Very few indeed of our latter-day poets can weave a spell of word-magic in the manner of Mr. Walter de la Mare. Lady Gerald Welles-

ley, whose "POEMS" (John Murray; 5s. net) fulfil the promise of a book of early verse published some years ago, has her own gift of gentle phantasy, and she remembered her own childish wonderland so well, when writing "Children"—

They wander with some
beast or bird
Conversing with him,
all unheard,
Of the Impossible,
unstirred;

Trusting to mermaids'
banquet free
With friendly fish and
coral tree
In the gold gardens of
the sea—

that she could surely make songs and stories acceptable to children. And if she, or any other poet or poetess, wants to enter into the child-imagination asleep (when dream comes in as the Fairy God-mother) let her (or him) read "CHILDREN'S DREAMS" (Longmans, Green and Co.; 5s. net), by C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D.Sc., in which selected specimens are given out of several thousand authentic examples. Many of them are fairy stories, in which the little dreamer has moonbeam slides and other joyous adventures.

ROYAL GUNS: THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE HENRY OUT SHOOTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI.



WITH THE "BAG" BEFORE LUNCH: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) WING-COMMANDER GREIG, PRINCE HENRY, THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, THE DUKE OF YORK, THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, VISCOUNT EDNAM, LORD IVOR CHURCHILL, VISCOUNT MOLYNEUX, AND FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON.



THE HOSTESS: THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, WITH FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON.



THE KING'S THIRD SON AS SPORTSMAN: PRINCE HENRY SHOOTING.



WITH THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, HIS HOSTESS: THE DUKE OF YORK.



ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY: VISCOUNT EDNAM.



ONE OF THE BEST SHOTS IN THE PARTY: THE DUKE OF YORK, WITH THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE WATCHING.



THE HOST OF THE SHOOTING PARTY: THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The Duke of York, who had recently returned from Balmoral, and his brother, Prince Henry, were entertained by the Earl and Countess of Pembroke at Wilton House, the Earl's seat near Salisbury, during the week-end, October 2 to 4. They enjoyed some excellent-partridge shooting on the estate, and the Duke of York proved himself one of the best shots present. Among the other guests were Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson and Lady Wilson, Viscount and Viscountess

Ednam, Lord and Lady Edward Grosvenor, Viscount Molyneux, and Lord Ivor Churchill. Wilton House is a fine old place, and contains pictures by Titian, Holbein, Vandyck, and Reynolds. A good many improvements were made there in 1915 while the Earl of Pembroke was serving with his regiment in the war. On October 4 the Duke of York and Prince Henry went to Six Mile Bottom to shoot with Sir Ernest Cassel's party.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! DISCARDED MONITORS IN THE HUMBER.

DRAWN BY HARRY HUDSON RODMELL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT IMMINGHAM. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. AND CANADA)



TO BE SOLD AND BROKEN UP: MONITORS OF THE GREAT WAR—INCLUDING THE "LORD CLIVE" (LEFT), ONE OF THE ONLY TWO SHIPS OF THE FLEET ARMED WITH 18-IN. GUNS; AND SHOWING THE "BLISTERS" FOR PROTECTION AGAINST TORPEDOES.

These huge and ungainly monitors are at present lying in the Humber off Immingham. Built primarily for the bombardment of the enemy coast defences during the war, they are now apparently of no use and are waiting to be sold and afterwards broken up. There are some seven or eight vessels here, bearing such well-known names as "Roberts," "Abercrombie," "Lord Clive," "Prince Eugene," etc., the large vessel in the picture being the "Lord Clive." Out of all the vessels of the Navy the "Lord Clive" and "General Wolfe" were the only ones to carry a huge 18-inch gun. As a matter of fact, these guns were originally

constructed for H.M.S. "Furious" (one of the famous "hush" ships), but when she was converted into an aeroplane-carrier, they were transferred to the above-named monitors. The "Lord Clive" took part in the final bombardment of Ostend, and her 18-inch 3600-lb. shells did terrible destruction. Each monitor is in charge of a "crew" of 1 petty officer, 1 leading seaman, and 6 A.B.'s. On the right is the trawler (an ex-German—the "Callin") which takes out the relief and mails each day. The drawing clearly shows the "blisters"—flat projections from the side of the ship—designed as a protection against torpedo attack.

Secrets to be Surrendered to the Spade: Unearthing Ascalon.

ON THE MOUND BELIEVED TO BE THE SITE OF THE OLD PHILISTINE CITY: CUTTING THE FIRST "SOD" AT ASCALON.

ON Sept. 8-9 last, Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner for Palestine, visited the Palestine Exploration Fund's new camp at Ascalon, where he was received by Professor John Garstang, Hon. Director of Excavations, and his chief-of-staff, Lieut.-Col. Phythian-Adams, and spent the night. Mr. J. E. Quibell, Director of the Cairo Museum, and Mrs. Garstang were present; and his Excellency was attended by Lord Edward Hay, A.D.C., the Governor of Gaza, and other members of his suite.

In the early morning Sir Herbert Samuel visited the wonderful remains of the ancient city, and at seven o'clock started the great task which the Palestine Exploration Fund has undertaken by cutting the first "sod" in the mound which is believed to be the site of the old Philistine city. The spot selected for this ceremony was alongside the remains of the "Byzantine Church," and as Ascalon does not produce "sods," his Excellency is seen in our photograph manfully wielding a pick.

In the days of preparation, the excavators had uncovered, for his Excellency's inspection, two architectural statues already known to exist during Turkish times—namely, a Tyche (or Fortune), and an imposing figure of Victory standing on the Earth. In doing so they found an unsuspected small statue in white marble of a kneeling girl, a piece of sculpture of high quality which excited general admiration.

Search has already begun for the Temple of Fortune, and extensive preparations are being made for a thorough investigation of the Philistine mound. Light railways and active aerial carriers

under the Persian monarchy, the Phœnicians of Tyre obtained possession of the port. The excavations of the Palestine Exploration Fund will, it is hoped, cast a much-needed flood of light on this obscure page of Palestinian history.

through these prosperous centuries which preceded the Arab conquest—the first a massacre, perpetrated, it is true, as a reprisal for the burning of the city by an army of fanatics from the capital; the second, a more heinous massacre of the Christian



AT THE REMAINS OF THE CRUSADERS' CHURCH: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE; EXCAVATORS, AND PARTY.

From 104 B.C., when Ascalon became a free state under Roman protection, she rose swiftly to a position of the first rank in Palestine. Much of this success no doubt she owed to Herod the

inhabitants, encouraged, if not commanded, by the "apostate" Emperor Julian. Christianity, however, proved too powerful for the sword. Ascalon became a bishopric, and when the Moslem armies captured the city, they would experience little difficulty in finding the requisite buildings for their mosques. Already the preliminary explorations have disclosed Christian and Jewish emblems as well as early Mohammedan remains.

Under the Arab rule, Ascalon in the tenth century was a "spacious and opulent city," resplendent with mosques and markets, and thronged with buyers. Her strategic importance as a port became crucial during the Crusades. It was here that the Egyptian levies could alone be landed for a march to Jerusalem, for Joppa's evil anchorage seems to have been more and more abandoned at this period. Rather than let her fall into the hands of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Saladin hastened to the coast and himself supervised the work of destruction.

It is doubtful if Ascalon—apart from her mighty amphitheatre of walls—was ever completely rebuilt, though the Regesta of the Latin kings makes mention of houses, churches, and the like. A few months after the arrival of the English army, their king was in treaty with Saladin, and the half-built fortifications were, by mutual consent, and even co-operation, once more destroyed. In 1240, Richard of Cornwall essayed once more to wall this important base, but Ascalon was dying, and thirty years later the Sultan Bibars issued the last decree of fate upon the town.



REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE: GRANITE COLUMNS BROUGHT FROM EGYPT.

will shortly transform the appearance of the slumbering fields and orchards.

It is to be hoped that the Palestine Exploration Fund will be supported in this endeavour by the civilised world, and that ere long the "Streets of Ascalon" will reappear to view.

OBSTACLE AND PRIZE TO AN INVADER: ASCALON.

THE city of Ascalon, which has borne this name for well over 3000 years, and which for over twenty-five centuries was a formidable obstacle, and a still more valuable prize, to the invader, will now be called upon to surrender her many secrets to the spade. Familiar to all Bible readers as one of the five cities of the Philistines, she could, in truth, boast a far more distant and perhaps more glorious past. In the reign of Akhenaton, the "heretic" King of Egypt (c. 1370 B.C.), his vassal, Yitia, professed allegiance to his royal master at Tel Amarna, but there are other letters in that famous correspondence which suggest Yitia's preference for a league with his neighbours at Gezer and Lachish. The spirit of the city was certainly factious, for both Rameses II. and Menephtah (the generally accepted "Pharaoh of the Exodus") proclaim their capture and destruction of this enemy. The moment and circumstance of the Philistine Invasion so far escapes us, and the little which we can gather from the Bible as to these new rivals of Israel is lamentably insufficient for the historian. All we can at present say is that during the Assyrian and Babylonian domination the town was governed by vassal princes, bearing, as we should expect, Semitic names; and that for a short time at least

Great, who rewarded his mother city with some of that regal magnificence which he distributed through his kingdom with a lavish hand; but her situation as a maritime "watering place" must



CUTTING THE FIRST "SOD" ON THE MOUND BELIEVED TO BE THE SITE OF THE OLD PHILISTINE CITY OF ASCALON: SIR HERBERT SAMUEL WIELDS THE PICK.

have gone far to maintain her popularity, and even made her pleasant shores a centre of Hellenic learning. Only two disasters tarnish her record

Since this day she has rested in silence and desolation, and the words of the Hebrew prophet have found a literal fulfilment. W. J. P.-A.

UNEARTHING ASCALON: A 3000-YEAR-OLD STRONGHOLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR GARSTANG.



UNCOVERED AT ASCALON: A STATUE OF THE GREEK GODDESS OF GOOD LUCK—A FINE TYCHE.



A GREAT STATUE OF VICTORY UNEARTHED: PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG, DIRECTOR OF EXCAVATIONS, AND HIS CHIEF OF STAFF BY THE STATUE OF NIKE.



THE "GUNS" OF ASCALON: COLUMNS OF THE GRÆCO-ROMAN CITY BUILT INTO THE SEA WALLS AS BONDS BY THE CRUSADERS.



REMAINS OF GREEK ART: THE CAPITAL OF A CORINTHIAN COLUMN DISCOVERED AT ASCALON.



SHOWING THE IMMENSE STRENGTH OF THE MORTAR: A ROMAN BASTION AT ASCALON.



NIKE: VICTORY WITH HER FEET RESTING ON THE EARTH, WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY ATLAS—14 FT. HIGH.

Ascalon has a history of well over 3000 years, and until 1270, when the Sultan Bibars finally destroyed it, was a place of great importance owing to its commanding strategical position, and a constant bone of contention between Philistine and Egyptian, Philistine and Jew, Philistine and Phœnician, Roman and Arab, and lastly, Arab and Crusader. Ascalon provides an interesting instance of how England's wars have influenced the customs and language of the English people,

for the homely shallot, which so often forms a component part of the stuffing of the domestic duck, and which, "with sage and parsley too," aided the digestion of the unfortunate "crew of the 'Nancy' brig," grows in great profusion in the vicinity of Ascalon, from which the name, originally "eschalot," is derived, the herb first being brought home and popularised by English knights and their retainers returning from the Crusades.

FILM "STARS" IN VERY TRUTH: THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEAVENS AS SHOWN BY THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



THE FIRST ASTRONOMERS: SHEPHERDS OF MESOPOTAMIA, WITH THEIR FLOCKS ABOUT THEM, WATCHING THE STARS IN THE NIGHT SKY.



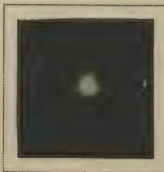
THE PLANETARY SYSTEM: PLANETS REVOLVING ROUND THE SUN.



A MOVING DIAGRAM: A SATELLITE REVOLVING ROUND ITS PLANET.



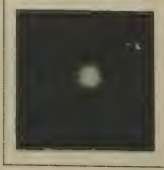
A PIONEER IN THE SCIENCE OF ASTRONOMY: PTOLEMY EXPLAINING HIS GEOCENTRIC SYSTEM TO HIS PUPILS IN THE SCHOOLS OF ALEXANDRIA IN THE SECOND CENTURY B.C.



THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH AND ITS INCLINATION ON ITS AXIS: EXPLAINING THE ROTATION OF THE SEASONS.



DAY AND NIGHT: THE EARTH TURNING IN A 24-HOUR DIAL.—THE ARROWS MARKING PARIS AND TOKIO.



THE SUN, THE EARTH, AND THE MOON: THE EARTH REVOLVING ROUND THE SUN, AND THE MOON ROUND THE EARTH.



THE POLISH FATHER OF MODERN ASTRONOMY: COPERNICUS IN HIS OBSERVATORY, WITH HIS HOME-MADE INSTRUMENT (1516).



IN THE SHOP OF HANS LIPPERSHEY, DUTCH SPECTACLE-MAKER: THE PRINCIPLE OF THE TELESCOPE DISCOVERED BY HIS CHILDREN (1608).



THE EARTH: LOOKING LARGER AND LARGER AS ITS REVOLUTIONS BRING IT CLOSER TO AN IMAGINARY SPECTATOR STATIONED SOMEWHERE IN SPACE.

The latest development of the cinematograph as an educational agent is its use to render attractive what has hitherto been regarded as one of the "dry-as-dust" sciences—astronomy. The ingenious astronomical film in question, which is the work of M. Louis Forest, is called "Les Mystères du Ciel" ("The Mysteries of the Heavens"), and has been discussed (in "L'Illustration") by M. Camille Flammarion. The famous astronomer attributes the widespread lack of interest in astronomy to the absurd and dull methods of teaching it used in schools. "I speak by experience," he writes, and goes on to relate how in 1867, on his installation as first president of the newly founded "Ligue de l'Enseignement," it occurred to him that "if, for a nominal price, we could offer schools a little telescope capable of showing the mountains of the Moon, the spots on the Sun, the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, and the most beautiful double stars, every high-school, college, and private school, and every parish would be keen to obtain such an instrument for the instruction of the pupils." M. Flammarion was able, indeed, by special arrangement with a manufacturer, to offer an excellent little "School

Telescope" for only 20 francs, but the idea fell absolutely flat. Practically nobody wanted it! By courtesy of M. Forest, we are enabled to give above several reproductions of scenes from his film, which, as will be seen, not only presents the wonders of astronomy in an attractive manner, but gives a vividly interesting picture of the history of this science from the present day back to the time of Ptolemy the Alexandrine, who is seen above demonstrating his theory, called after him the Ptolemaic System. It taught that the world occupied a fixed central position, and that the sphere of the heavens revolved round it from east to west once in every twenty-four hours, carrying with it all celestial objects. In spite of its fallacies, this system held the field for over fourteen centuries, till it was upset in the sixteenth century by the great Polish astronomer, Nicolas Copernicus, who is rightly considered the father of modern astronomy, and upon whose foundations all subsequent astronomers have built. Even after this time of Copernicus, his successor, the Italian Galileo, in the seventeenth century only escaped the Inquisition by abjuring his real opinions, and publicly stating that he believed the earth to be stationary.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

HAVE you ever heard of the play-cobbler—the man who does for the aspirant dramatist what the little bootmaker does to your soles and heels? It seems a strange *métier*, but there is money in it. I found him in Montmartre, and he said that he had a large *clientèle* and a regular tariff. He was a Dutchman and an ex-actor; in his palmy days he very nearly played Hamlet, but, acting the Ghost of the Prince's father, he became rather too fond of a Dutch national



THE MOST COMIC OF ALL ARTISTS: MR. LESLIE HENSON AS JOSEPH PINGLET IN "A NIGHT OUT," AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

spirit—the *Bittertje*, a liqueur-glass full of gin with a dash of Angostura—and irregular in consequence. When they gradually weeded him out, he continued to live on his wits, in the truest sense of the word. He had plenty of imagination and a miraculous memory. If a touring manager wanted a melodrama, he would write it to order in twenty-four hours; if a farce was required, he asked for one hundred florins for a trip to Paris, and within eight days he was back with the complete text of the latest Boulevard success in his pocket. How did he do it?—for French farces are not often printed, lest they be annexed by American pirates. He had no friends in the Parisian world of the theatre; he had certainly no money to plank down on account of fees. But he had that memory in a hundred thousand. He would go to the theatre once, twice, or three times, and after the third visit he had not only the whole of the *mise-en-scène*, but every line of the play, in his mind, and could jot it down in Dutch ready for production in less than the allotted week of his journey.

Things went well with him until 1911, when Holland joined the Literary Convention and had to pay fees for foreign authors' rights like everybody else. He then struck out a new line, and, with a fair knowledge of French, settled in Paris as a play-cobbler, as he called himself derisively. You could, if you were thirsting for glory, buy from him an entire play, and for a fairly heavy forfeit adorn it with your own name—he did not care so long as you made it worth his while. He had scenarios galore, and to write a play was to him the business of a night and an extra supply of spiritual oil for his intellectual lamp. But the aspirants were somewhat afraid of this traffic: they feared that, in spite of the old law, "*la recherche de la paternité est interdite*," some day the rightful author might claim his rights and threaten exposure. So he sought a more legitimate trade—he would help the lame, the halting, over the stile. He would teach you your business, write up your scenes, work up your plot, provide logical solutions, supply witty or dramatic dialogue, as the case required—in fact, he would make a playwright of the merest tyro, and turn a sackful of chaff into ripe, profitable corn.

The tariff was curious and instructive. Adjusting a one-act play cost a mere fifty francs, remodelling the first act only one hundred, the second fifty more; but when it came to the third he began to parley—his tariff then grew elastic. "You see, *mon ami*," he would say, "it is the third act that matters. Your play hinges on it. Let the first and second be bad—that does not matter. The third 's the thing—*finis coronat opus*" (he was fond of quotations), "and don't forget what old Sarcey said—golden words, sonny. The first was 'The drama is the art of preparation'; the second and most important—'In the third act there must be a scene which crystallises, as it were, the whole conflict—*la scène-à-faire*'—the scene on which everything depends. Now to write such a scene, you must be a born dramatist, not merely a midnight-oil toiler: you must be inventive, imaginative, comprehensive, logical. I am all that, and I wager I can make a decent finale to the dullest of plays. That is worth something, is it not? Now look at your third act—it fizzles out like a tinker's candle; it is dull, inconclusive, there is no climax. I can mend that in half-an-hour—shall we say seven-fifty? No. Well, let it be five hundred—is it a bargain? Good! Wait!" And he would call a typewriter, and in half-an-hour there was a third act that would "knock the nations," as he put it. When the deed was done he would wax eloquent about himself. "Ah, if I could speak! You know So-and-So—his plays are now at the Française. I was his Ghost when he had his first play produced at the Vaudeville; you know that opera—I wrote the third act. The authors are long since dead, else I would not have named their work. But look at this"—and he showed a sheaf of letters, from the Comtesse X, from Professor G., from an American millionaire. "All my clients, all playwrights—thanks to me. All will be famous—thanks to me. See these *palmes*" (the

mauve ribbon of *Officier d'Académie*), "I got them for making a dramatist of a well-known politician. Oh, yes; I have others. The Christ Order of Portugal, and the State Cross of San Marino—all tokens of gratitude and appreciation—if I could only talk; but I must not—professional secret, you know. Hope that you will be one of my clients. Ever written a play—no? Well, then, you don't know what the joy of living means. I would treat you on the most-favoured-nation terms." I went away like Alice in Wonderland. A little later, I heard that he was found dead in his chair. He left some plays, but not a scrap of paper. He had destroyed all the letters of his *clientèle*—the world should see nothing of how some of its greatest men became great!

"Noble"—yes; Mr. Léon M. Lion chose the right word when, after a memorable production, he applied this word, before the curtain, to Mr. Ernest Hutchinson's play, "The Right to Strike." I for one came away elevated into that indefinable mood which the theatre can create when your whole being has been in action. It had affected me like Greek tragedy, with the difference of a happy ending. It is noble indeed: Strike! The old doctor's son killed by the strikers; there will be a tooth for a tooth—the doctors will strike too! The law may forbid it—but nature is stronger than law. The leader's wife is in labour. Shall she suffer for the cause of her man? "Yes," say the younger doctors. "No," says the stricken father, "I will tend her." But he is old; he dare not perform the supreme operation which may save the woman's life. There is only one who can do it—the young doctor who proclaimed his right to strike, and who was threatened to be struck off the

register for his disobedience. But in the end, when the strike is over with compromise on both sides, he too relents. The call of humanity is greater than the cause of man. The play began a little slowly—one felt the novice's hand in the exposition; but thenceforward it unfolded with great power, with a delicate sense of balance. When the doctors declared a strike there was noise in the gallery—cries of dissent and assent. Towards the end of the play there reigned perfect harmony. The human chord had been struck, and vibrated in unison. We had heard both sides of the question, and the touch of nature had welded them into accord. The acting, too, was true, in the best sense of the word. We saw pictures from life. The agitator of Mr. Léon M. Lion; the young doctor of Mr. Charles Kenyon (terribly touching in his agony when he learned his friend's death); the iron-cast striker of Mr. Lauderdale Maitland; the dry-as-dust yet humorous lawyer of Mr. F. B. J. Sharp; the magnificent company director of Mr. Bassett Roe; the tender father of Mr. Holman Clark; the sweet, bereaved bride of Miss Marjorie Day; yet others and others—they all went to prove what our artists can do under producers who understand life. "The Right to Strike" will rank among the strike-plays of our time; it reaches the power of Octave Mirbeau's famous "*Mauvais Bergers*" without touching its inherent acerbity and desolation.

Mr. José Levy's fascinating dramatic sandwich at the Little Theatre's Grand Guignol has been freshly spiced with two dainty condiments: a little shocker from the French entitled "The Medium," which recalls a pleasant punishment of Burmah in the old days—the embedding of traitors in a grave of plaster-of-Paris; and a delightful farce by H. F. Maltby, "What did Her Husband Say?" It is a little nocturne: the escapade of a grass-widow with a stranger to whom she gave shelter after a little dinner, when her husband suddenly came home and she was very nearly compromised in a manner which would seem coarse if merely described in a few words. The cleverness of the thing is its variety of incident, its happy morsels of dialogue in true Maltby vein, and the acting of Miss Dorothy Minto, Mr. Jack Farquhar, and Mr. Fred Eastman. One thing is clearly proved by this



AN ACTRESS WHOSE DANCING AND ACTING ARE ATTRACTIVE IN "A NIGHT OUT," AT THE WINTER GARDEN: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AS VICTORINE.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

English addition to the programme. We have the "stuff" at home to keep the Grand Guignol going; and Mr. Levy's first quest in this direction will certainly encourage him to give our own young generation a splendid chance.

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LADIES' NEWS.

IT was very bad luck for Lady Betty Butler, the Duchess of Sutherland's pretty younger sister, that she should have her stay at Dunrobin Castle spoiled by an attack of appendicitis. She was playing golf on the Brora links one afternoon, and went home feeling rather ill. The same evening the local doctor made all his preparations to operate, failing the arrival in time of a special surgeon telegraphed for. The surgeon turned up just in time, the operation was successfully performed, and Lady Betty is going on well. It was, of course, a great shock for the Duke and Duchess and their house-party. The Earl of Lanesborough is staying at the Castle. It will be remembered that Lady Betty's mother died earlier in this year, after a long and painful illness.

There will be no one in England more delighted to welcome home the Prince of Wales than the King and Queen. Their Majesties are devoted to their eldest son, and no wonder; for, wonderful as he has proved in public life, his attitude as son and brother is just as perfect. His little attentions to the Queen and Princess Mary are, I am told by one who has opportunity for knowing, delightful; and his affection for the King is only equalled by his great desire to render his Majesty loyal and devoted service. One is almost afraid to contemplate so many excellences in the character of one young man. The Prince is, however, very much of a man, and would be vastly amused at the idea of being too good for life. Far from it; he loves life, is full of the joy of it, and if he has no vices we may attribute the lack of them to his parentage, bringing up, and sportsmanlike qualities. His instincts are all for healthy, sane kinds of recreation.

We are threatened with no Opera Season, either in the autumn or the spring; but I think opera lovers need not be too much cast down, and will do well to wait and see. It would be difficult to imagine a London season without the Opera. It is, of course, quite as much a social institution as a musical one. It fills in most agreeably the gap between dinner and dancing. Last season, dinners immediately followed by dances were much in favour. These were comparatively small affairs. Next season there will most likely be a return to the fashion of balls.

Mole will be a favourite for this coming winter. I am told that a way of preparing the skins has been devised which makes the fur stronger and more durable than it used to be. Instead of long fur coats, a favourite arrangement will be fur capes and skirts. It is a very becoming one. The skirts are short, but

quite to the ankle; and they are beautifully cut, and not full. The cape meets them, and is full at the back, and has a deep collar and cuffs on kimono-like sleeves. The weight—fur is always heavy, albeit mole is one of the lightest—is equally distributed between the shoulders, back, and hips, and the effect



ONE OF THE NEWEST MODELS IN "VIYELLA"
BLOUSES FOR PRESENT-DAY WEAR.

is rich and graceful. The beautiful silvery white plumage trimming known as "grebe" is in again. On a long black velvet cloak with sleeves, used as deep collar and cuffs, it is most effective and distinctive. Tan-and-black is a colour combination which is most effective.

Most of us are thinking, and that rather ruefully, about the necessity for gowns of ceremony for the

coming months. The rue is to do with the price, because silks, satins, taffetas, foulards—all the silken fabrics, in fact—have run up in price to somewhere about double their value. Well, "here's rue" with a difference, for there's balm at Burberrys' great house in the Haymarket, where there will be a special sale from the 11th to the 23rd inst. of the most beautiful silks of the best markets of the world. The price will be—just think of it—half the value, not double! A rare opportunity indeed to provide ourselves with the material for dinner gowns, afternoon gowns, capes, cloaks, and rest-gowns. The assortment to be offered is gigantic, and unequalled for beauty of texture and artistic originality of design. The colourings, too, are very varied and beautiful. Not everyone realises that, in addition to their world-wide fame for weather-proof garments, Burberrys have built up an outfitting business so great and successful that they hold immense stocks of the very finest productions for this trade. They have decided to offer a large portion of them at just half their present value. We and our menkind will find from Monday next and on to the 23rd many a first-rate investment, not to say bargain, at Burberrys.

I have been taken to task about giving to that favourite soap called Pears a misleading description when mentioning it recently. The right description is red amber, not gold. Being an obstinate woman, I have put a bit of red amber beside a cake of Pears soap, and I must admit that it is quite correct—red amber it is, not gold. I was nearer the mark when I said topaz, because a rich topaz is rather like red amber. Anyway, whatever the colour, the soap is the thing, and it cannot be improved upon.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland have a party staying with them at Langwell, and the Duchess recently unveiled a memorial, near one of the entrances to the Lodge, which the Duke has erected to the men of Berriedale and Braemore who fell in the war. It is a fine thing, mostly of grey granite, surmounted by a bronze figure full of grace and dignity. In front a bronze plate bears the names of the fallen heroes, and below the figure are the words "Their names shall live for ever." It is the first memorial of this kind so far erected in Caithness-shire. The Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield are of the Langwell party. Their two wee daughters, Lady Alexandra and Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, god-daughters respectively of Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, are at Brora with their nurses. They have there beautiful and extensive sands to play on, and their parents frequently motor down the seventeen miles from Langwell and stay with them. A. E. L.



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MINERS AND THEIR UNREST.

EVERY mother of a family knows that at times young children will be seized with fits of fractiousness without apparent cause, which are relieved by a mild dose of medicine or what used to be called a "temper powder." Mr. Kipling harped on a similar theme when he pointed out that during the hot season in India, enforced idleness and over-feeding may make an excitable "Tommy" as hysterical as a girl in a school. In like manner, the present unrest among miners may have physical causes undreamed of by those who consider only the enormous wages which the underground worker now receives, the restlessness and extravagance with which he spends them, and his rooted objection to staying underground an hour longer than he can help. But they do not think of, or are not acquainted with the diseases which his work entails.

First and most horrible of these is cancer. Why contact with free carbon should have the effect of predisposing to this is not accurately known; but there can be no doubt of the fact. The researches of Dr. H. C. Ross, his brother Dr. E. H. Ross, and Dr. Cropper at the Lister Institute have shown, as it seems to the writer conclusively, that coal-dust applied to the skin for a long period will produce what is called "chimney-sweep's cancer," which, although less deadly than, is of the same family as the more malignant kind. The same phenomenon is noted in the case of men who work in the manufacture of "briquettes," and in certain tar and pitch works, one theory being that it is the local irritation which the dust causes which is the determining factor. Be that as it may, the miner is already aware, though at present dimly, of the predisposition towards cancer that his occupation induces, and it may well be that the knowledge both

unsettles him and leads him to be at once more greedy in his demands and more insistent in enforcing them than he otherwise would be.

Cancer, however, is not so exclusively a miner's "occupational" disease as is what is known as miner's nystagmus. This shows itself in an involuntary oscillation or rolling of the eyeball, and is sometimes present in persons who are not miners at all, such as albinos, or people with pink eyes and white hair.



AFTER THE GREAT BOMB EXPLOSION IN WALL STREET: "SONS OF THE REVOLUTION" CELEBRATING THE 133RD ANNIVERSARY OF THE SIGNING OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Twenty-four hours after the disastrous bomb explosion in Wall Street, New York, the "Sons of the Revolution" celebrated the 133rd anniversary of the signing of the Constitution, by holding a meeting on the scene of the outrage. An old Colonel is here seen asking the vengeance of his audience for the atrocity. The crowd sang the National Anthems of all the Allies.

Photograph by Wide World Photos.

It is even said that it has been observed in cases of albinism among the lower animals, such as rabbits; and the immediate cause seems to be always the same, namely, the small amount of light—thanks, in the last-mentioned case, to the absence of protective colour in the iris—which reaches the retina of the eye. The semi-darkness of underground working in coal-mines is, therefore, responsible for this nystagmus, and the use of the safety-lamp has, oddly enough, made things worse rather than better. The wire gauze which surrounds the light in this instrument

cuts off a good deal of the light, and when it gets clogged with coal-dust disposes of a good deal of the rest. Altogether, it has been calculated that not more than '3 per cent. of the light given out by the safety-lamp reaches the retina of the miner's eye. When we read of the explosions sometimes caused by miners opening the cages of their lamps so as to get more light, we should think of this.

Nystagmus, however, though primarily affecting the eye, like all defects of vision, affects the nerves also. It has only lately come to be known that dyspepsia, with all its attendant train of mental depression, irritability, and other afflictions, is more often caused by eye-strain than by anything else. This is very noticeable in the case of journalists and others who are accustomed to work much by artificial light, and who do not pay sufficient attention to the protection of their eyes. But both the disease and its effect are far more marked in the case of miners who work for eight hours a day in the dimmest of lights, and with their eyelids, moreover, constantly irritated by foreign bodies from the dust-laden air.

Can anything be done to remedy this state of things? It ought not to be difficult to devise a scheme for lighting underground workings by electric lamps so guarded by water-jackets or otherwise as not to cause explosions of fire-damp if accidentally broken. Only this would cost a great deal of money, and such money could hardly be found by private owners whose profits are now cut down almost to vanishing point by the demands of the State, on the one hand, and of their workmen on the other. Would it be any more possible under nationalisation? Not unless coal-mining is to be added to the long list of industries—telegraphy, postage, transport, and the like—which the State now carries on at a loss. Yet a beginning might be made by some of the more enlightened mine-owners if the miners would only hear reason and not act like fractious children.—F. L.

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"AMONG THE IBOS OF NIGERIA."

(See Illustrations on Pages 558-559, and on our Books Page.)

BEING a man of knowledge, the Rev. G. T. Basden, writing "Among the Ibos of Nigeria" (Seeley, Service, and Co.), confesses: "The longer one lives amongst West African natives the more one is convinced that it is a practical impossibility for the European to comprehend fully the subtleties of the native character. Some white men claim to have done this, but my experience leads me to think that the claim can rarely, if ever, be substantiated with definite assurance. The depths may be sounded at times, but only by accident, and on most such occasions the inquirer does not recognise that he has actually tapped the inner consciousness of the native."

That, Mr. Basden goes on to point out, is but natural, for the black himself does not know his own mind. "He does the most extraordinary things, and cannot explain why he does them." He acts and thinks by instinct handed down through generation to generation. "He is not controlled by logic; he is the victim of circumstance, and his policy is very largely one of drift. The will of the tribe or family, expressed or implied, permeates his whole being, and is the deciding factor in every detail of his life. . . . He is under the influence of an atmosphere which emanates from the whole tribe. This subliminal consciousness, by which all his movements are controlled, becomes practically a sixth sense."

With such a people as his study, it is readily understood that Mr. Basden had material of vital interest;

it should be added that he has handled that material not only expertly, but admirably, with the result that his book is without question one of the most fascinating of its kind—all the more valuable in that the tentacles of trade are extending their hold to such a degree that they are obliterating old landmarks, and tending, even amongst these natives (whose immediate forbears were avowed cannibals), to crush the black

lie down and die for no adequate reason as far as one can judge. Life simply flickers out. One cannot help noticing how many of the younger men and women die in this fashion."

Very illuminating, too, are the numerous details of the native belief in reincarnation and the spirit world. "There appears to be no distinction between soul and spirit. . . . When a man dies he is alluded to

as having 'gone home,' or simply as having 'gone to the spirit world,' and the mourning of the survivors is that of those who have said 'farewell' for the time being only. . . . When men have run their course in this world they return to their Master—the Supreme Being—and live with him in the spirit world. In their spiritual state they are endowed with never-ending life, and until the ceremony of second burial has been observed they continue to haunt this world, wandering at will in the houses, compounds, and farms, invisible, yet ever present, and taking a distinct and un-

remitting interest in the affairs of the individual and the community with which they associated in life. After the rites of second burial have been completed the 'spirits' depart to their appointed place until their reincarnation—i.e., as long as they behave themselves. Should they be so unfortunate as to rouse the ire of their master, they are in danger of being banished to 'amanri maw na madu,' an intermediate state between this material world and the spirit abode. The term indicates that such spirits have no place of abode; they are thenceforth 'wanderers,' 'lost souls.'" Here be meat for the Rev. Vale Owen!



BRITAIN'S GIFT OF GRATITUDE TO THE MALAY STATES: A £2500 MODEL OF H.M.S. "MALAYA."

The expense of building H.M.S. "Malaya" was borne by the Federated Malay States. The vessel is a "Fast Division" Dreadnought of the "Queen Elizabeth" class.—[Photograph by Nuttall.]

into a more or less bad imitation of the white, in garb and in manner, if not in mentality.

In a brief review it is impossible to note the whole of the ground the author covers. He has shared the kola nut (the equivalent of the bread and salt of the West) with many a chief; knows of the native doctoring, of births and marriages (single and polygamous) and deaths, and the strange customs appertaining thereto; has seen the Ibos in peace and war, at home and in public, young and old; remarks "the unsportsmanlike manner in which the majority give up the ghost—the simplest ailment is sufficient to produce collapse. . . . It is astonishing how many

Glorious Babyhood

Here are two glorious children who have been brought up on Mellin's Food. Their Mother says: "I have found it invaluable from the first symptoms of teething until the last tooth is cut. Even after babyhood, during any childish ailment or indisposition we fall back on Mellin's Food. I would not, indeed, I could not, do without it. These bonny boys enjoy perfect health, have splendid spirits and are very strong."

Mellin's Food

when combined as directed with cow's milk is a perfect substitute for Mother's milk; the letter says: "Mellin's, besides being no trouble to digest itself, seems to digest the milk too. I have found the secret of successful baby culture is a good digestion—and the secret of a good digestion is Mellin's Food."

SAMPLES POSTAGE FREE—Mellin's Food on receipt of 6d. stamps; Mellin's Food Biscuits on receipt of 6d. stamps. A valuable handbook for mothers will be sent free of all cost.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.15



Mellin's Food Babies



Still Beautiful by Candle-Light

BUT the pitiless light of day tells a different story. Lips have lost their soft, red pout—the mouth seems hard and old, while the ivory pillar of her throat shows the subtle marks of time.

It is in the withering of the tissues of mouth and throat that age is first revealed. The degeneration of tissue that comes with Pyorrhea is not unlike the degeneration of age.

The gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted. The final stage of Pyorrhea is a repulsive toothlessness that brings sagging muscles and sunken cheeks.

Don't let Pyorrhea become established in your mouth. Remember, this insidious disease of the gums is a menace to your health as well as to your beauty. To its infecting germs have been traced many of the ills of middle age.

Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection. Watch your gums for tenderness and bleeding (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

How to use Forhan's

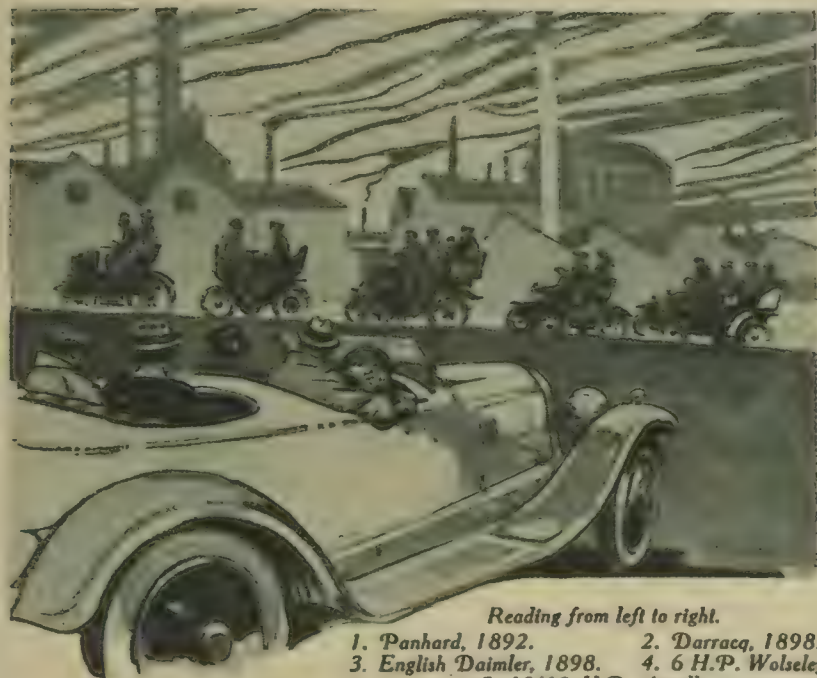
Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage the gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first—until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only,
2/6 a double-size tube; at all Chemists.

If your Chemist cannot supply you write to Thos. Christy & Co.,
4 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C., who will forward a Tube for
2/6 post free.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS



Reading from left to right.

1. Panhard, 1892.
2. Darracq, 1898.
3. English Daimler, 1898.
4. 6 H.P. Wolseley.
5. 10/12 H.P. Argyll.

LOOKING BACKWARD

LOOKING back into the history of automobilism one realises the lavish amount of brains, capital, and enthusiasm that has been expended on developing the motor car to its present-day state of efficiency.

Insurance, too, has played a helpful part. In this sphere the Motor Union Insurance Co., Ltd., has been responsible for developments no less progressive than the work of the great designing engineers who made motoring possible. Many years ago the Motor Union Insurance Company took the lead in motor car insurance, a lead which, by reason of their comprehensive and generous policies, their prompt settlements and business-like methods, has not only been maintained but enormously increased.

The Motor Union Insurance Company's policies for motor owners have met with unparalleled success. The reasons therefor are set out in a little brochure, which will be gladly sent on request.

THE MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO., LTD.
10 ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.2



CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A M SPARKE (Lincoln).—Your contribution to hand, with thanks

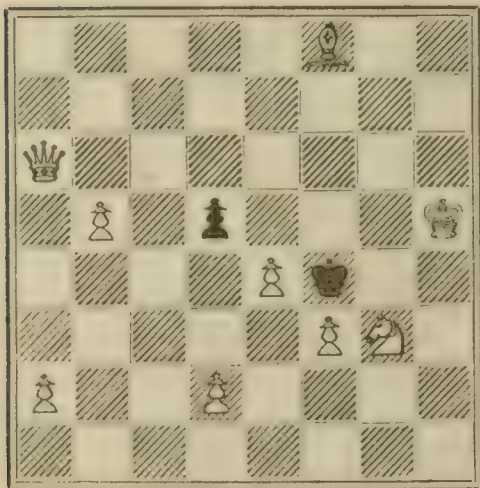
R F (Birmingham).—Mr. Campbell's problems were never published as a collection. They are to be found in various chess publications of 1850 to 1870

H F L MEYER (Sydenham).—Many thanks for problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3839 and 3840 received from H F Marker (Ponbender, India); of No. 3843 from H Cockell (Penge), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbelltown), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Brian Hamilton (Reading), J. Izatt (Leeds), A E Hutchison (Liverpool), P W Hunt (Bridgewater), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth)

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3844 received from H W Satow (Bangor), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), A H H (Bath), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), Léon Ryłski (Belfast), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Jas. T Palmer (Church), John Lomas (Stockport), P Cooper (Clapham), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), J S Forbes (Brighton), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Arthur E Webb (Hexhill), James C Gemmell, Thos. F Sanders (Manchester), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), and A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter).

PROBLEM No. 3845.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3843.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| WHITE | BLACK |
| 1. P to K 4th | Any move |
| 2. Mates accordingly. | |

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE development of air-post services throughout the world is being greatly assisted by the issue of special stamps. In nearly all countries where such aerial mails have been inaugurated (excepting always Great Britain) the public have been provided with special postage-stamps for prepaying the fee for transmission by aeroplane. A year ago (Oct. 11, 1919) I showed a whole page of these interesting and historic stamps in *The Illustrated London News*.

Whenever special stamps have been issued the air-mail services have met with immediate and complete success. In some cases, where it had been intended to use only one machine in each direction on a route, several machines have had to be chartered to carry the volume of mail. The latest of the air-post stamps hail from the Belgian Congo, and, as will be seen from the pictures of them on this page, they are finely engraved miniatures showing views of the country, with an aeroplane in flight in each picture. There are four denominations: 50 centimes, orange and black; 1 franc, purple and black; 2 francs, blue and black; and 5 francs, green and black.

Another air-mail service using stamps was started in Spain on April 4. It connects Barcelona, Alicante, and Malaga. The stamps have proved surprisingly evasive, and it was only within the past few days that I was able to secure a copy for illustration. There are five denominations in use, consisting of the current Spanish stamps of 5, 10, 25, 50 centimos and 1 peseta, overprinted "Correo Aereo."

The first stamp issued for the Tunis air-mail between Gabes, Djerba, Zarzis, and Ben Gardane was a provisional one. The fee is 30 centimes, and as there was no stamp of this denomination in the Tunis series of postal adhesive stamps, the 35-centimes stamp was surcharged "30c." This has now been replaced by a 30-centimes stamp in blue and grey-

green. In the centre is a view of the ruins of Hadrian's Aqueduct. Across this ancient memorial of the second century is overprinted in red the twentieth-century device of an airman's wings. The inscription, "Poste Aérienne," is also overprinted in red.



1, 2, 3, and 4. Fifty centimes, 1, 2 and 5 francs for the use of the air-mail in the Belgian Congo, showing scenes typical of the country. They are worded in both French and Flemish. 5. Spanish air-mail 5 centimos. 6. Thirty centimes for the air-mail in Tunis. It is overprinted with "Poste Aérienne," and a pair of airman's wings in red above the ruins of Hadrian's Aqueduct.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

In far Siam an aeroplane-post has been started, but no details are yet to hand of special stamps used in connection with it. Similarly, there is a project for an aeroplane-mail and goods service in China, of which we may expect fuller details shortly.

"As Neat as Wax"

is the home where Johnson's Prepared Wax is used upon furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It rejuvenates the finish and gives an air of immaculate cleanliness, is the ideal polish, and does more than merely polish—it protects with a satin-smooth, transparent coating. It does not show finger-prints—dust cannot adhere to it.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste—Liquid—Powdered

saves much of the time spent in mopping and cleaning. It preserves the colour and finish of linoleum and makes daily cleaning unnecessary.

Johnson's Paste Wax—for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, marble, etc., in 6d., 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 4/-, 8/-, & 14/6 sizes.

Johnson's Liquid Wax—for polishing furniture, woodwork and Motor Cars, in 2/6, 4/-, and 8/- sizes.

Johnson's Powdered Wax—immediately gives any floor a perfect dancing surface, in 1/9, 2/6, and 4/- sizes.

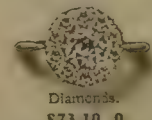
S. C. JOHNSON & SON,

West Drayton, Middlesex.

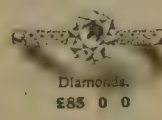
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PLATINUM

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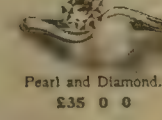
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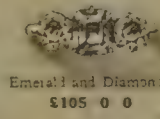
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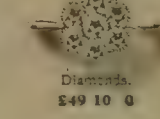
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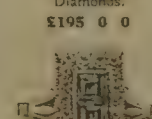
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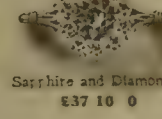
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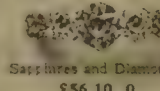
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£49 10 0



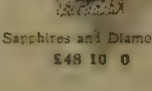
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£195 0 0



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Write for this CUTUNA Booklet, giving most interesting facts on how to keep warm all through the Winter.

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CUTUNA is made in all sizes of the softest and purest long-staple wool. There are three graduated sleeve and leg lengths to the same chest or waist measurement. CUTUNA ensures a close, comfortable fit around the wrists and ankles, where chill first strikes.

We guarantee CUTUNA absolutely. Every garment has our Reputation behind it, and we will willingly exchange or refund the money in full should you find the slightest blemish on any garment marked CUTUNA.



"—and you said you weren't hungry!"

He thought he couldn't eat at all—but gave in to the never failing temptation of Bird's Custard with fruit.

Creamy, golden Bird's Custard is just the thing to tempt flagging appetites, and not over-strong children. Bird's Custard, with stewed fruit, is a dish truly fit for a king—or any of his subjects.

And it's not only the niceness of Bird's Custard that is so important—what Mothers think of most is the nourishment that it contains. The perfect purity of Bird's Custard has been unfailingly maintained for over 83 years and, regardless of cost, only the finest materials the World produces are used in its manufacture. For this reason, Scientists are able to say that

Bird's

Nutritious Custard

is one of the most nourishing dishes you can possibly eat, since it adds 25% to the nutritive value of milk.

C339

"Civic" Smokers :-
The Stockbroker



THE STOCKBROKER regards the "CIVIC" as an excellent investment, because he gets lasting satisfaction from it.

FIFTY MODELS
ONE PRICE

6'6

ALL Tobacconists
Sell "CIVICS."

THE
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"A Good Investment."

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Seven Different
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LLOYD'S IN TUBES.
THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS
FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER OR BRUSH
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground and bears this TRADE MARK. We bought the business with the recipe trade mark and good will from the Executors of the late A. R. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory from all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c. Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd. Rensselaer Street, W., and City Road, E.C.



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Price per pair 25/- Post Free

CURRIE'S STORES
(Room 41), 29, Downing St.,
MANCHESTER.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Compulsory Signalling for Motorists.

The Ministry of Transport, having failed utterly in the big tasks to which it has set its hand, is now frantically endeavouring to justify its unwieldy existence by interfering in the things that matter very little. The latest fad of this egregious department is compulsory signalling for the drivers of motor and other vehicles. A departmental committee is engaged in settling the details of the signals suggested, and before long we are likely to see an Order by the Ministry making compulsory all sorts of acrobatic contortions whenever we contemplate stopping or changing our course on the highways. As a very old road user, I am naturally all for increasing the factor of safety, and have not the slightest objection to the Ministry suggesting a simple code of signals for road use; though it may be remarked that we already make use of certain signals to indicate our intentions, and that they work quite reasonably well—when people employ them. I quite fail to see how compulsion is going to better things, but I can very well appreciate how it is going to make our lives more miserable than they are. In either case the careful driver is going to do his best to let following traffic know what he intends doing. Conversely, the careless one will not do anything of the kind, no matter what orders or regulations are therein made and provided. What he will do is to swear, after an accident, that he *did* signal. The other party will swear by all he holds most sacred that he and he alone observed the law—and the less ingenious will be held to be in the wrong.

There is another side of the matter which merits serious consideration. If any such regulations are made as are foreshadowed, they will furnish the police with another means of persecution of the motorist. For instance, supposing I am going to turn to the right on a road on which there is no other traffic within a couple of hundred yards. There being no necessity for warning traffic which is not there, I do not make the statutory signal, and am observed by a policeman. It is quite easy

to see that if the latter is a really zealous young officer, I may be in court a few days later for the serious offence of driving to the common danger.



"CROSSING THE BROOK" ON A MOTOR-BICYCLE:
A COMPETITOR IN A RECENT TRIAL ON A B.S.A.
MACHINE.

to see that if the latter is a really zealous young officer, I may be in court a few days later for the serious offence of driving to the common danger.



WITH A THREE-QUARTER CABRIOLET BODY BY ARTHUR MULLINER (LONDON), LTD.:
A 30-H.P. DAIMLER CAR.

statutory signal, and am observed by a policeman. It is quite easy

That is only one of the pit-falls. Anyway, there is quite enough lying in the courts now without asking

for more. But perhaps this new idea is a part of that great "co-ordination of national transport" of which we heard so much when the Transport Bill was being forced through Parliament.

Where is the Benzole?

Everybody is asking what has become of the benzole. Where it has gone I do not know, but it is certainly next door to impossible to procure it. Personally, I have been running all through the season on this fuel, but some three weeks ago the firm from whom I bought it informed me that they were unable to get any more delivered, and I have had to take to petrol. Nor have I been able to get any on the road. Every drop seems to have disappeared into the *Ewigkeit*. It may be that it is all being consumed in the districts in which it is produced. It is also possible that it is being hoarded during the period between now and the time the petrol tax will disappear, because benzole does not help the revenue. Perhaps the Government has commandeered it all in view of a possible coal strike. There is only one certainty about it, however, and that is that there is none to be had. Yet the people who distribute it still spend money in advertising that you should use benzole because it gives more miles to the gallon! It is a peculiar situation altogether.

A Long-distance Race at Brooklands.

It seems not unlikely that we shall see a 500 miles race at Brooklands next year—if the two motoring journals, which are playing *tu quoque*, can agree on which of them really did suggest it seven years ago. If it is to be held, I hope the authorities concerned will make it an event for standard chassis, and not for vehicles of the racing class. The last Standard Car Race on the track, which was run over a distance of 100 laps, was one of the most informative events the R.A.C. has ever organised. It was run at a time when the Club was very much criticised for opposing road-racing, and I have to plead guilty to being one of its most severe critics, and to having opposed the Brooklands event. However, I drove a car in the latter, and after the event I

[Continued overleaf.]



MOST instructive to prospective car buyers is the illustrated specification of the 16-20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby. The simplicity the average motorist desires, the completeness which the sensible motorist demands, the soundness every motorist should insist on—all these are Ruston-Hornsby features.

The up-to-date design of this car is backed by materials and workmanship that do credit to British Engineering—the Ruston-Hornsby is produced by one of the largest and best-known British Engineering firms.

PROMPT DELIVERY

of the car, complete with
4/5 seated body £695

Send for the specification to the Sole Concessionaires:
C. B. WARDMAN & COMPANY, LTD.,
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Telephone: Mayfair 5751-2. Telegrams: "Rusorncy, Wsdo, London."

**Ruston-
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16-20 H.P. TOURING CAR

The Car of Quality & Value

St. James's 8

**When jaded, worn, and ill at ease,
The only chocolate that will please
Is MELTIS.**

And it is only natural that it should do so.

It has a delightful effect on the palate.

Without being hungry you can be MELTIS hungry, and you will find that life is still worth living, as it "melts in the mouth."

It tempts the fastidious.

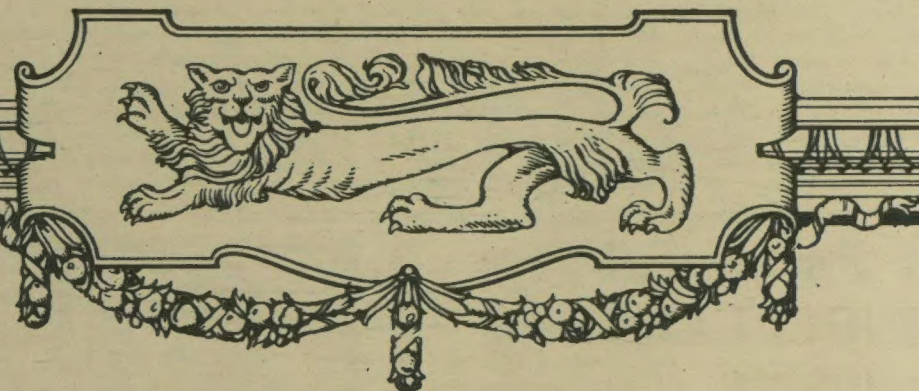
**MELTIS
CHOCOLATE**

Made by
PEEK FREAN, and
sold by all Grocers
and Confectioners.



"It melts in the mouth."

ROLLS-ROYCE



THE 1920 MODEL

... its designer has incorporated in the car all the essentials of a highly sporting speed merchant's car with those of the ultra docile town carriage. Its flexibility, its acceleration and its power are the great characteristics of the Rolls-Royce engine.

... the Rolls-Royce appears to combine these highly desirable qualities in a manner that other cars appear unable to master.

*Extract from the
"Motor World."*

*"On the Road with the
latest Model Rolls-Royce"*

*August 16th.
1920*

The springing and comfort are things that may almost be taken for granted, but they really are almost uncanny in their efficiency.

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., 15, Conduit Street, London, W. 1

Telegrams : Rolhead, Reg. London.

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The following firms who purchase direct from us, have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts.—Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Notts, Lincs, Staffs, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Northants and Rutlandshire : The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby Street, Leicester. Manchester and District, including East Lancs (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham) and East Cheshire : Joseph Cockshott & Co., Ltd., New Bridge Street, Manchester. Liverpool and District, including West Lancs (as far north as Cockerham), West Cheshire and North Wales : W. Watson & Co., 56, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Norfolk and Suffolk : Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales' Road, Norwich. Ireland : J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester Street, Belfast. Scotland : The Clyde Automobile Co., Ltd., 96, Rensfrew Street, Glasgow.



(Continued.)

had to admit that the Club was absolutely right. Many cars which were rightly regarded as being in the front rank failed to complete the course, mostly owing to minor failures which would never have occurred in ordinary tests, and I am convinced that the sum total of the improvements brought about by those failures was well worth the race. I am all in favour of a similar event next year, over a longer distance, so long as it is confined to the standard article.

Vauxhall's Increased Output and Reduced Prices. A reduction in the prices of their cars is announced by Vauxhall Motors, Limited, to take effect as from Oct. 1. The reduced prices for 1921 models are: 25-h.p. Vauxhall chassis, £1050; 25-h.p. Vauxhall-Kington touring car, £1450; 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall chassis, £1275; 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall-Velox car, £1675. A greatly increased rate of output has been achieved in the Vauxhall works during the last few months. The production cost per car being consequently very much lower than had been estimated on the last occasion of fixing prices, the company finds itself able to lower its charges by a considerable amount. The revised prices are calculated to yield a profit of

approximately 10 per cent. on turnover, in accordance with the company's policy. The prices of closed bodies supplied by Vauxhall Motors, Limited, but not of their own manufacture, are not reduced.

At Harrogate recently the British Spa Federation held its bi-annual conference. Representatives from Bath, Buxton, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Harrogate, Llandrindod Wells, Woodhall, and New Zealand were present. Leamington was admitted as a member of the Federation. Mr. F. J. C. Broome, general manager of Harrogate Spa and hon. secretary of the Federation, was presented with a valuable token of appreciation of his work for the Spa Federation.

Allwood Brothers, of Wivelsfield Nurseries, Haywards Heath, inform us that after ten years of work on intercrossing the perpetual flowering carnation on the hardy garden pink, they have developed a new race of plants which the Royal Horticultural Society has named *Allwoodii*. "These," they say, "are as hardy as Shetland ponies, and are perpetual flowering from early spring to late autumn." The blooms themselves are half-pink and half-carnation, with all the old-world charm of the pink in the form of scent

and colour-marking, and yet it is, perhaps, the most fool-proof of all plants. In fact, it is almost easier to grow it than to kill it. This is accounted for by the fact that it is a mongrel or hybrid race."

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CANADA.

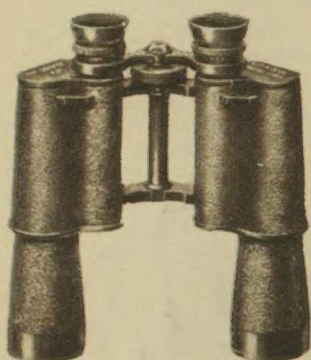
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Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.
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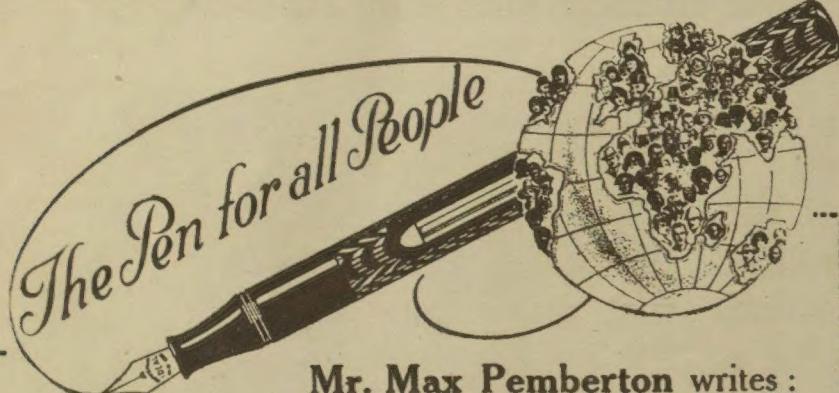
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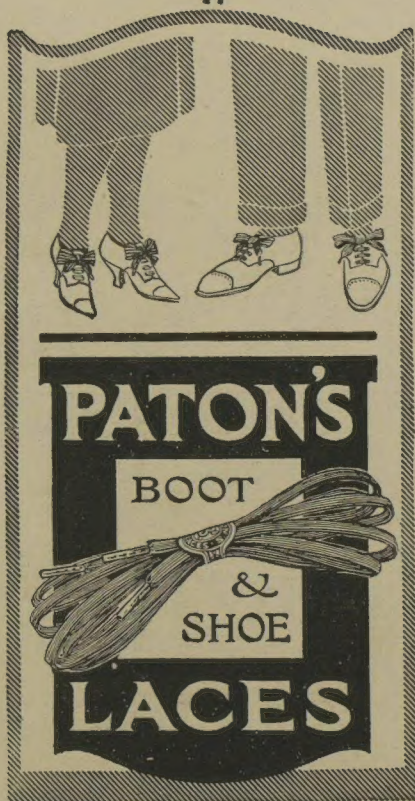
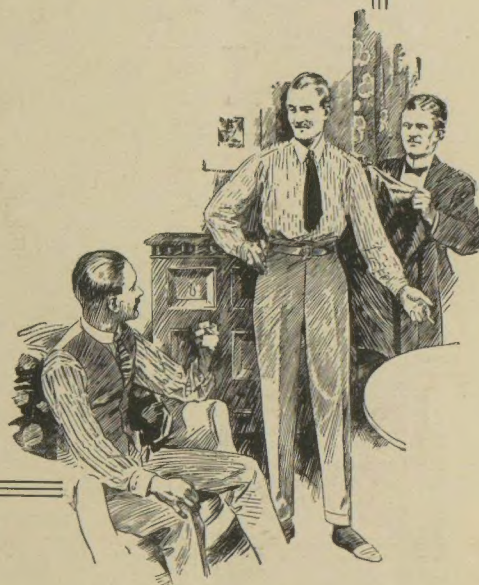
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